THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE VANISHED CHARM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

Shine, yellow moon, as you shone for me
In a far-off summer night!
Rend this dim veil of shadowy mist
That has hid you long from my sight.

Flowers, nurtured so carefully,
Sheltered from sun and frost,
Is it hue or perfume my soul doth miss?
There is *something* we have lost!

Bird, a-swing in your gilded cage,
Your song was once so gay—
Do you pine for meadows and wild green woods,
And the freedom of youth's lost day?

World, sad world, you have only tears,
Bitter tears for my laughter gay—
Give me back, only for one brief hour,
The joys of a vanished day!

Never again, O moon! will you shine
So fair as that far-off night!
Flowers, ye are sweet no more to me—
Bird, you can never sing aright!

World, I have trusted you in vain—
Tears for smiles you have given to me;
Darkest doubt for my fervent trust,
And sullen silence for song and glee!

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER V.

"ALL WITHIN IS DARK AS NIGHT."

"COWARD!" SHE CRIED, IN ACCENTS OF UNUTTERABLE SCORN; AND DREW HER HAND OUT OF HIS CLASP.

A single, sharp cry, and then a breathless silence. At last a voice, the sound of which drove the blood from Dora's heart, asked hoarsely:

"Who are you?"

She did not answer. She could not. The fountain of speech seemed to have been frozen over.

"Who are you?" repeated the man, angrily. "Tell me at once, or it will be the worse for you."

He caught hold of her wrist, and held it as in a vice, attempting to drag her to the window. Then, and not until then, did she find voice.

"Oh, Victor, Victor!" she gasped.

He loosened his hold and flung her hand angrily from him. There was another awful silence. She could hear him breathing heavily, but the darkness still shrouded his face from her anxious gaze. Perhaps he was taking counsel with himself what had better be done.

At last he spoke. "Dora, I know you now. Tell me why you are here at this hour of the night. Tell me."

"The good angels in Heaven must have sent me," she answered with sharp vehemence; "for I am here to save you from committing a most terrible crime. And I have saved you!"

"I do not understand you, my darling."

"Oh, Victor, Victor!"

She flung up her hands with a wild, passionate, heart-broken cry. This flimsy pretence of unconsciousness on her lover's part, hurt and shocked her as nothing else had done. It seemed to brand him as a hardened and treacherous wretch already.

"For God's sake deny nothing," she moaned. "If you do I shall hate you. I shall hate and despise you, Victor!"

He did not speak directly. But she could hear him breathing heavily. At last he slipped his arm round her waist and bore her back to the sofa from which she had just risen.

"Sit here for a few moments," he said softly. "You are almost beside yourself. By-and-by, when you are more composed, we will try to come to an understanding."

She looked up at him, vainly seeking to pierce the darkness, which was now deeper than ever, and moaned faintly.

"Leave me, Victor. Go away this instant, and ask God to keep you in the right path, as I have asked him already. Go, go!"

"In one moment, darling. I wish to see you more composed before I leave you."

She flung her head on the sofa pillow, almost angrily. Would he never go? never take himself out of the reach of the terrible temptation that awaited him in that room?

A silence fell, and the darkness seemed to grow more intense and awful. Dora lay curled up among the sofa cushions, like a weary child. Victor crouched on the floor close by, still holding her hand clasped close in one of his.

Presently she became conscious of a strange, subtle perfume that seemed to be floating in the air. It filled her whole being with a delicious languor. Her eyelids seemed to droop unwittingly, and she soon fell into a strange confusion of dreams.

A deep lethargy had got possession of her. But, through it all, she never seemed to lose sight of the desk that stood in the opposite corner, or forget the fact that it contained five thousand dollars which she was to protect.

At one time the desk seemed to swell to prodigious proportions. It was as large as a house; and it contained five millions, instead of so many thousands; and her head was to pay the forfeit if one dollar of that money should be missing.

Again, Victor was the sufferer. He was wandering on a great plain in the darkness. His twin-brother, Vincent, suddenly appeared on a height above him, and with a devilish yell of triumph, rolled down a mountainous weight on his defenceless head; and the weight was all one mass of shining, burning gold.

And yet again that golden weight was transformed into the hated desk, and it was herself it had crushed.

Once she seemed to be vaguely conscious of some shadowy figure bending over her, and that a sponge, exhaling a sharp and pungent odor, was being pressed against her nostrils. But whether this was a part of her dreams, or an awful reality, she could never have told afterwards.

The pallid gray light of a new morning was streaming in at the windows when at last she opened her conscious eyes on the external world.

She was alone in the room. Victor, if he had been there at all, had gone away again. There was the desk lowering at her from its usual corner. The whole apartment looked exactly as it had looked the night before—her whole experience, since she had crept down from her room in the darkness to be near the money, might have been a wretched dream so far as she could tell.

"It *was* a dream!" she muttered. "Ah, what a silly goose I am! I was anxious about the money, and anxious about Victor. That was quite enough to make me connect the two in my dreams. I might much better have remained in my bed-chamber."

She crept up stairs, feeling wretchedly stupid and ill; and, lying on her own couch, dozed away the hours until the ringing of the breakfast bell.

She did not go down, however, until the morning meal was over, and she heard Mrs. Raynham coming out of the dining-room. Then she hurriedly descended the stairs and met her in the hall below.

"The money!" she said, with a gasp. "Have you taken a look at that this morning, madam? Are you sure it is safe?"

Mrs. Raynham turned, staring hard at the agitated girl.

"Are you mad, Dora?" she said, coldly. "Of course I have not looked at the money. It is safe under lock and key, and I keep honest servants around me. Your head is turned, child.

A low sigh escaped Dora's lips. "Yes," she said, wearily. "I believe my head is turned. I am not myself at all."

Mrs. Raynham looked at her sharply.

"I may as well let you see with your own eyes that the money is where Victor placed it yesterday," she said, in a kinder tone of voice. "Follow me."

She led the way to the library. Despite what she had said, a shadow of nameless, foreboding, or something else, clouded her usually placid face.

"I feel strangely fagged and worn this morning," she said, sinking into a chair close to the desk. "Here is the key, dear. Take it, and save me the trouble of looking for the money."

"Of course it is there—in the secret drawer," Dora said, faintly. "But my mind refuses to be convinced without the test of actual sight. Don't you think me very foolish, madam?"

"Yes, very foolish, my dear."

But the words were spoken so softly and gently as to bring two great tears into Dora's starry eyes.

"God help us," she cried, with a sudden gasp, "if any great trouble is in store for us."

Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely turn the key in the lock. But presently the desk flew open. And there, right before her, she found a perfect nest of drawers and pigeon-holes.

"My head is all in a whirl," she exclaimed, in real dismay. "I've forgotten where to look."

Mrs. Raynham leaned over her shoulder and touched a secret spring ingeniously hidden in a knot of carved wood. A drawer flew out.

Both women leaned forward to look. The drawer was empty!

A shrill cry fell from the lips of each.

"The money is gone!" screamed Dora.

"The money is gone!" echoed Mrs. Raynham.

They stared at each other helpessly a minute. Then Mrs. Raynham ran to the door, flung it wide, and shrieked the news down the passage.

Victor and Vincent were both coming from the breakfast-room at that moment. They heard her scream, and were in the library directly.

"What has happened?" they asked, in a breath.

"The money! the money! It isn't here."

Smothered ejaculations fell from the lips of both. Victor, who had put the missing five thousand dollars into the secret drawer with his own hands, now stared at the blank receptacle in dire dismay.

"It can't be that I made a mistake, and hid it away in some other drawer," he stammered.

"Look!" commanded his mother.

He leaned forward, and just then his hand touched Dora's. Instantly, the eyes of the two met. Those of the girl must have been charged with a terrible meaning, for Victor shrank from them as if their glances scorched his face, and half-involuntarily put up his hand.

"I'm ill," he gasped. "I can't go through with the search."

He was ghastly pale, and trembling from head to foot. He seemed utterly incapable of helping himself, or of calming his excessive agitation.

Vincent saw the condition his brother was in and pushed him into a chair.

"Sit there," he said, not unkindly. "This affair seems to have unmanned you. I will search the desk in your stead."

"Do, do!"

Victor could say no more. He sat staring straight before him while Vincent examined the drawers, one by one, and looked among the various paper piled away here and there.

In vain, all in vain. Not a trace of the missing money could be found.

"It has certainly been stolen," said Vincent, desisting at last.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynham, rocking violently backward and forward in her chair. "I'll not believe any such nonsense! Thieves in my house? Impossible! Look again. The money must, and shall be found."

Dora had been sitting, at the last, with her face hidden in her hands. She now raised it.

"Further search will be time wasted," she said, in low, mechanical tones. "I am certain the money is not there."

Vincent gave her a look of warning. "For my mother's sake," he whispered, and turned back to the desk again.

The second search resulted as the first had done. No trace of the missing money could be discovered.

Mrs. Raynham turned pale as death when this fact was announced to her. "It is not the loss of the five thousand dollars that hurts me so," she moaned. "But the thought that I have been harboring a thief is too terrible for me to contemplate. Who could have been the villain?"

She seemed wholly at a loss. Nobody answered her for a minute or two. Then Vincent said, in his soft, musical tones:

"Who had access to your desk, mother? Tell me that, and it may give me a clue to the mystery."

"Nobody. The servants are not allowed to meddle with it at all."

"And the keys?"

"I slept with them under my pillow as usual. Somebody must have withdrawn them long enough to accomplish his object. When I awoke this morning they were where I had lain them over night."

"The desk was locked when you came into the library just now?"

"Yes."

Vincent dropped his head in the palm of one hand. "Strange—strange," he murmured.

A long silence followed, which was broken at last by Dora Desmond.

"Let me ask a question," she said, speaking in sharp, shrill tones. "Who knew of the existence of the secret drawer in which the money was left?"

"I thought it was known only to my sons, Victor and Vincent. I must have been mistaken, however. Why don't you speak, Victor? Why don't you tell us what *you* think of this terrible misfortune?"

The poor fellow tried to look up, but his eyes encountered those of Dora fixed upon his face in a scornful and half-contemptuous glare. His head fell dejectedly upon his breast.

"I have had no time for reflection," he faltered. "I'm as much at a loss as all the rest of you. As God hears me, I am!"

The last words fell wildly from his lips. They sounded almost as if some direct accusation had been made against himself.

"My poor brother," said Vincent, pityingly. "I wish you did not take this loss so to heart."

Then he drew up a chair to his mother's side. His own lips were white, and not easy of control.

"Five thousand dollars is a large sum to keep by one," he resumed. "I wonder at you, mother. You did not tell *me* there was so much money in the house."

"No. I thought to bank a part of it in a day or two. Mr. Ketchem brought it to me yesterday."

"Ah!" He half started to his feet. "The thief must have been present when the money was paid over, or, at least, been within hearing distance. Don't you see?"

"I know he was not in the room with us. Only Victor and Dora were present."

"Only Victor and Dora?"

"That is what I said. For heaven's sake, Vincent, don't echo my words after me," she cried, sharply.

"I beg your pardon."

He looked distressed and anxious. Dora stole a single glance into his face, as if she would fain have read his thought, even the most secret of them all; then she rose up and half staggered from the room.

Victor's eyes had furtively followed every movement she made. The instant the door closed upon her, a long, gasping sigh fell from his lips. To his tortured ears, it seemed to clang together like the door of a tomb.

He made a powerful effort, and brought back the color to his cheeks, the strength to his nerveless limbs. Then, muttering an inarticulate apology, he followed the woman he loved from that fateful room.

CHAPTER VI.

WAS HE GUILTY?

Dora was still lingering in the passage. Victor ran after her. He caught one of her trembling hands in his, and pressed it over and over again to his lips.

At first she seemed powerless to hinder any such demonstration. She stood still and cold and calm as a marble statue. The blood was as stagnant in her veins as if its crimson flow had been suddenly frozen.

But she finally broke the bonds which held her senses in thrall. A vivid crimson leaped into her cheeks; a scorching fire flashed in her lovely eyes.

"Coward!" she cried, in accents of unutterable scorn; and she drew her hand out of his clasp.

The word fell on Victor's ears like a thunderbolt. He started, stared, leaned giddily against the wall, and opened his lips to speak; but no sound came from them.

"Coward!" she cried again. "I dare to repeat the word, Victor Raynham. Only a coward, a mean, pitiful coward, would have followed me out and attempted to work on my sympathies like this."

He heard distinctly every one of those cruel words; and they stung him into momentary resentment, despite the bitter pain they caused him.

"You are heartless, Dora; you are unjust!" he broke out hotly.

"Unjust?" she echoed scornfully. "Do I not know all your sin and shame? Did I seek to expose you in yonder room, where I should have spoken? Did I tell your noble mother that she has a thief for a son? No, no, no! And *you* dare call me unjust?"

Her voice failed her with the last word. She turned her face to the wall.

Victor waited a little. But even his lips seemed clammy, and the cold damps of agony stood out in great beads on his forehead. At last he pushed closer to her side.

"Dora," he said in a hoarse whisper, "for God's sake, listen to me."

She turned on him like a flash.

"Silence!" she cried, between her firm, white teeth. "How dare you speak to me? How dare you even look at me? I spared you in the presence of your mother and Vincent. But I will not spare you now. You are a villain."

"Dora, these are very bitter words."

"But just. Deny that, if you can."

He caught his breath sharply. "I do deny it," he returned, after a pause. "I have done nothing to deserve them."

She looked at him in incredulous amazement. Her bosom rose and fell violently with the rapid pulsations of her heart. She strove to speak, but for a moment or two could find no words.

"And you have the bravado to say this to me?" she gasped, rather than said, presently.

"Yes," he answered, calmly.

"Expecting me to believe it?"

"Yes."

She drew back, her beautiful eyes flashing dangerously, her full, red lip curling with disdain and scorn.

"Then," she answered, deliberately, "you are a viler coward than I thought you."

Up to this moment Victor had kept his temper. But he lost it now.

"I cannot listen to such words, even from your lips, without demanding an explanation of them," he said, angrily.

"You want an explanation. Good; you shall have it. *You* stole the money from the library desk, and I know it!"

He heard the terrible accusation, and struggled hard to meet it calmly.

"I was sure you suspected me of that crime, Dora. But, as God hears me, I am innocent."

"Innocent!"

"That is what I said. And I repeat it. It seems to me that I have the right to know on what grounds you suspect me, under the circumstances."

She walked away from him a few steps, her face rapidly flushing and paling. Then she came back again.

"You shall know," she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence. "You know already, in fact. Do you think you can blind my eyes to all that has happened?"

"All what?"

"Why force me to repeat it, unless you wish to drive me mad. I'm almost mad already."

She paused, and rocked her body violently to and fro. Victor laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"You loved me once, darling," he murmured, softly. "I hope you love me still. And, by that love, I conjure you to calm yourself and repeat every circumstance that would throw a shadow on my good name."

"To what purpose?" she asked, hopelessly. "We may distort facts, but we cannot change them."

"I tell you that you are laboring under a delusion, and I am not the guilty wretch you would fain make me out. Am I not to have the privilege of clearing myself in your eyes?"

"You can never do that." Then she flung out her hands wildly. "Oh, for mercy's sake let me go, Victor. Don't keep me here to torture me."

"Do you think I am free from suffering?" he asked, fiercely. "No; and you shall tell me everything."

"Where shall I begin? With the visit of Miles Rugby?"

"If you choose;" but his voice faltered a little.

"I will begin there. This mysterious Miles Rugby, of whom nobody save yourself seems ever to have heard, came here to Roundwood. And he came expressly to see you."

"Yes."

"He has a hold on you, of some sort or other, which you are powerless to break," she went on, in a low, monotonous tone of voice.

"Yes."

"He demanded money of you—five thousand dollars."

This time the "yes" was a very faint one.

"Your mother never makes large allowances to her sons, and you had no such sum at your command."

"True."

"For manifest reasons, you dared not ask your mother for the money."

Victor answered nothing; but covered his face with his hands.

"After the lapse of four or five days, Mr. Ketchem, your mother's man of business, came to the house and brought the exact sum of which you stood in need. It was placed in the desk in the library, and allowed to remain there over night. You had placed it in the secret drawer with your own hands. That money was all that could interpose between you and a disgraceful exposure of some sort—and—you took it!"

"I did not take it; I swear to you, Dora, that I did not take it!"

"Be still," she said, sternly. "I have not told you all."

At that his hands fell away from his face. He looked at her wildly and eagerly.

"Speak!" he exclaimed.

"Do you think I have forgotten what occurred last night?—or did you hope to pass it off as the impossible dreamings of a disordered brain?"

"I do not understand you."

"No? Did you not come into the library shortly after midnight?"

"No. I did not leave my room after half-past ten last night, until I came down to breakfast this morning."

She stared at him. How could he have the face to stand there and lie to her like that?

"It is false," she gasped. "I saw you in the library with my own eyes. I touched you with this hand. I spoke to you, and you answered."

"Impossible."

The angry crimson leaped hotly into her cheek again. She half forgot even to pity the poor fellow. The strongest emotion that possessed her now was an overpowering indignation.

"I tell you that I did. You may be vile enough to stand there and try to brow-beat me; but it will do you no good. I will trust to the evidence of my own senses in spite of you. They will not deceive me as you have done, and are trying to do still."

She stopped, choked, and broke down utterly in a passion of hysterical sobs, the first she had shed.

Victor did not try to comfort her. He waited, with his arms folded over his breast, and his lips white and quivering, until she was ready to go on again.

"I could not rest last night—I was thinking of the money, and—of you! I was lying on the sofa in the library when you came into the room, for I had gone there to watch over that hateful hoard, and see that it was not disturbed. But why am I telling you what you know so well already? I tried to save you, and you—you—treacherously stole away my senses with some vile stuff or other, and then, while I lay helpless and unconscious, helped yourself to the money."

A deep groan fell from Victor's lips. "Do you believe what you are saying?" he asked, in a hoarse, unnatural tone of voice.

"I do."

"And that I am guilty of all these monstrous things with which you charge me?"

"I do."

"Oh, Dora, Dora."

His great chest heaved. His breath seemed to choke him. He beat wildly upon his breast with his clenched hand.

His emotion frightened her. She threw her arms tightly round his neck with a sudden burst of tenderness.

"Oh, Victor, forgive me. I will try to forgive you. I *know* all that I suffered last night was not a dream! I know that what I have told you actually occurred, and as I have told it. But I will forget and forgive it all—the theft—and even the greater treachery of trying to deceive *me*. Only restore the money—only make a clean breast of what you have done."

She felt him quiver from head to foot. After a brief silence he put her gently away from him.

Then, with a look of such gentle reproach, and such terrible misery, as made her heart ache almost to bursting, he turned, still maintaining that awful silence, and walked away.

CHAPTER VII.

SEEKING A CLUE.

Mrs. Raynham sent for Mr. Ketchem, who, fortunately, was still lingering in the village. "If there is any possibility of getting to the bottom of this miserable business," she had said, with an unusual show of firmness, "I'll get to the bottom of it yet."

Mr. Ketchem came up to Roundwood directly. He seemed surprised and shocked on being told what had occurred.

"Five thousand dollars would tempt even an angel of light to do wrong," were the first words he said. "There's nothing like a big sum of money, lying handy to one's fingers, to call out the baser passions. I tried to warn you, madam—"

"I know all that," interrupted Mrs. Raynham. "We'll not talk of what might have been done, at this late hour. I brought you here to find out the thief for me."

It was abruptly put, but the lawyer smiled approval.

"Good. You would have made an admirable woman for business, Mrs. Raynham. I like your way of coming straight to the matter in hand. And so you wish me to play the *role* of private detective?"

"For the present, yes."

"Anything to oblige you, madam."

Mr. Ketchem dropped his head in his hands and remained silent for some minutes. When he did speak, at last, it was to ask a question.

"Were the doors and windows all fastened as usual when you arose this morning?"

Mrs. Raynham had inquired into the matter, and answered readily that nothing in that respect had been amiss.

"The money was stolen by some member of my own household," she said. "Who else would have known where I kept my keys, or where to find the secret drawer?"

"True. Now who was in the room when you and I were speaking of the money yesterday?"

Mr. Ketchem asked the question, but did not wait for a reply. It occurred to him, all at once, who had been present—Victor and Dora Desmond. A slight exclamation fell from his lips.

"I know you suspect one of the servants of the theft," he said, quickly and sharply. "It is possible, however, that you may be doing them great injustice."

"Who else could have stolen the money?"

"Miss Dora Desmond!"

Mrs. Raynham burst into a half-scornful laugh.

"Dora? The dear child is as innocent as a lamb. I would as soon think of suspecting Victor or Vincent of the crime."

"Bah. These sweet creatures with the angel faces, who look as if they must have just stepped out of some picture frame, often prove to be the most cunning and artful of all criminals."

Mr. Raynham shrugged her shoulders whimsically.

"Dora has no need to resort to theft," she said, with considerable dignity. "She is an heiress in her own right. What could she want with my money? I tell you the poor dear lamb knows nothing about the matter."

The lawyer had almost come to the same conclusion.

"Call up the servants," he said, abruptly. "I want to look at each one of them. Don't you remember that somebody was listening at the library door—or rather that I thought so—when we were speaking of the money and where it should be put?"

"Yes."

"If we could find out who was there we could find out the thief."

"I think you are right."

"I know I am right."

He turned, and began pacing the floor in a somewhat nervous manner for a man usually so self-possessed. His brow was knotted with deep and anxious thought.

Mrs. Raynham rung the bell. "Send my sons to me," she said to the servant who answered the summons.

Victor and Vincent came in together almost immediately. The former was pale and nervous, and seemed wholly incapable of lending any aid in the search that was going on.

Vincent, on the other hand, was thoroughly master of himself. His eye was clear and calm and bright, his manner quiet and self-possessed. Even Mrs. Raynham, though somewhat partial to Victor, perhaps, could not help seeing at a glance which was the one to be relied upon in such an emergency as this.

"I want your help, Vincent," she said, manifesting an unusual show of weakness. "Mr. Ketchem must see and question the servants, one by one. Will you attend to the matter so that no unnecessary trouble or delay may be experienced?"

"Willingly."

He turned to leave the room, and was passed at the door by Dora Desmond, who came gliding like a ghost into the apartment.

"I know that the servants are to be examined," she said, speaking in a very low voice, and keeping her eyes carefully averted from the corner where Victor was sitting. "Can I be present."

"Certainly, miss," replied the lawyer, giving her a sharp glance from the corners of his keen gray eyes.

Mrs. Raynham drew up a chair close to her own.

"Come and sit by me, my dear."

Dora sat down in utter silence. She breathed more quickly than usual, but manifested no further sign of emotion.

Not so with Victor. From the moment of her appearance in the room, he seemed restless and anxious. At last he rose up and came forward a few steps.

"I can be of no possible use here," he faltered. "With your consent, mother, I will withdraw until the investigation is over."

"You can do so if you wish."

Dora's lip curled scornfully when he went past her, and out at the door. But she said nothing.

Vincent came back, shortly, with the information that he had gathered the servants into the adjoining room.

There were seven of them; the housekeeper, the cook, two maid-servants, the coachman, and a handsome black-eyed fellow of twenty, named Tom Marvel, whose duties were rather varied in their nature. These, with Vigal, Victor's body servant, made up the whole retinue.

Mr. Ketchem examined these servants separately, without eliciting any information whatever, until he came to Tom. Each and every one had indignantly denied all knowledge of the money.

But Tom, who was questioned last of all, did nothing of the sort.

"*I* knew the money was in the house," he muttered, sullenly. "But I did not take it."

"How did you know it was in the house?" Mr. Ketchem asked.

"I heard Master Victor talking to himself about it. He said it would help him out of some scrape or other, if he only had that five thousand dollars for his own."

Tom's dark eyes snapped maliciously, as he said these words. He evidently had some reason for disliking Victor.

Broken ejaculations could be heard on either hand. Mrs. Raynham turned upon the audacious fellow, her face flushing purple with passion.

"You mean to insinuate something against my son!" she cried. "You vile, miserable coward, how *dare* you?"

"I dare speak the truth at all times, madam," said Tom, boldly.

At that Vincent sprung upon him, and caught him by the collar in a grip of iron.

"Silence!" he said, between his teeth. "That is not the tone in which to address my mother. I believe that *you* are the thief! I believe *you* stole the money!"

The poor fellow cringed and grew pale as ashes. "I did not!" he screamed. "I did not."

Dora came running to his side, tears in her eyes, and her beautiful face flushed rosy red.

"Let him go," she cried, struggling to tear off Vincent's hand. "Let the poor fellow go. I will not stand by and see injustice done. Tom is not the thief. I know he is not the thief! Let him go."

Vincent stepped back and folded his arms over his breast.

"I will do anything to please *you*," he whispered. "I will even let a culprit go."

"But I tell you he is not a culprit."

Tom caught the hem of her robe between both his hands and kissed it reverentially.

"God bless you, miss," he said. "I'll never forget your goodness in taking my part when everybody else was against me."

There was burning love, as well as reverence and gratitude in the look he gave her. Dora saw something of all this, blushed furiously, and then drew back.

Mr. Ketchem broke a silence that might otherwise have been very awkward.

"You may go, Tom," he said, gravely. "We are done with you for the present."

There was an expression half-sinister, half-triumphant, on the fellow's face as he quitted the apartment.

"I don't like his looks," muttered Mr. Ketchem. "Mark my words, that Tom is a sly rogue. He may be more of a villain than you think him, Miss Desmond."

"No, no, no," cried Dora. "He is innocent."

"You cannot be sure of that."

She shuddered, but did not answer.

"I think Tom had better be taken into custody," said Mrs. Raynham, sharply. "I am far from feeling Dora's confidence in his innocence. The fact that he tried to throw out insinuations against Victor goes far towards convicting him in my mind. The guilty are always eager to throw suspicion upon somebody else."

"That is true," said the lawyer, watching Dora's face keenly while he spoke. "Tom is the only one among the servants against whom suspicion has directed itself as yet. It is our duty to cause his arrest."

"You shall not arrest an innocent man."

Dora said this with unwonted spirit, and her lovely eyes flashed fire. Urged by a sudden resolution, she fled precipitately from the room.

Tom was still lingering in the hall. She caught him wildly by the arm, and cried out in a hoarse whisper:

"Fly, fly! They still persist in suspecting you. Leave the house instantly, or it may be the worse for you."

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL IN THE DARK.

Tom seemed but little flustrated by this strange address. He hesitated an instant, and looked straight into those beautiful flashing orbs raised so earnestly to his face.

"Why should *you* entreat me to fly?" he murmured.

"Because I know you are innocent; because I cannot bear to think of harm coming to an innocent man."

"And for no other reason?"

"What other reason could I have?" she asked, sharply.

She wore a white rose on the bosom of her dress. For answer, Tom suddenly tore it off and pressed it madly to his lips.

"Do you know what other reason I hoped you might have?" he whispered.

She stared at him, but could not speak. The audacity of the movement struck her dumb. She felt as if she should sink through the floor for very shame.

"I love you," he went on, hoarsely. "I know it is madness for one in my position to look on one in yours to love her. But I cannot help it. My affections are beyond my own control. I love you more than life or liberty or anything in this world."

She put up her hand to stop him. Oh, what had she done that this menial should dare address such words to her? Would she ever forgive herself the disgrace of being compelled to listen to them?

"Stop!" she cried, finding voice, at last. "Stop, or I shall be sorry that I ever breathed a word in your favor. Stop, or I will call this way those who would fain arrest you as a thief."

"Cruel, cruel," he murmured.

Then, before she suspected his purpose, or could make a movement to prevent it, he had caught one of her hands in his own and pressed it over and over again to his lips with ten times the ardor he had manifested when it was only the rose—

"Farewell," he said, "I will go."

She saw him dart along the hall, and out at the door. But she stood rooted to the spot with shame and indignation. Her very fingers seemed to tingle where his lips had touched them. She drew them angrily across the folds of her dress.

"I despise myself," she thought, "for having unwittingly won that fellow's love. I despise and hate myself for the indignity I have suffered through him."

She panted, and drew her breath hard between close-shut teeth. Then, after a brief interval footsteps came along the hall, and Mr. Ketchem stood by her side.

"I know what you've been up to, young woman," he said, with a chuckle. "You've sent Tom Marvel spinning like a top over the lawn. That's what you've done."

For a minute or two, Dora's bosom rose and fell more rapidly than ever. Then she took notice of two circumstances—that the lawyer seemed rejoiced rather than otherwise, over Tom's flight; and that his gray eyes were full of a genial, kindly glow when he fixed them upon herself. She took a sudden resolution. Rallying all her firmness and self-command, she said,

"I am sure, Mr. Ketchem, you must be a true friend of the Raynham's."

"Otherwise, miss, I should not be here at the present time."

"I thought so."

"I have known them, and served them faithfully a good many years."

Dora trembled a little. She caught his hand, and pressing it earnestly, said in a faltering voice:

"Of course you are fond of them, sir—of every one of them?"

"Yes, miss."

"Even Vincent, and—and—Victor?"

"Victor is as dear to me as an own son."

A little cry escaped her. "Oh, I'm glad of that—I'm glad of that?"

The lawyer stared at her as if not quite sure whether he was conversing with a sane person or not. He was used to solving knotty questions, involving points of law, but the problem of a young girl's heart was quite beyond his powers.

"You dear, funny little creature," he said, with a grimace, "why will you persist in befogging an old man's wits? Speak out, and tell me at once, why you are glad, and why you are questioning me in this manner."

"I will, for I am sure you can be trusted, if you are fond of Victor, you will do nothing to harm him."

"Ah, ha!"

"You think Tom Marvel stole the money from Mr. Raynham's desk," she went on, speaking rapidly, as if fearful her courage would desert her. "I know you are mistaken."

The lawyer glanced down at her.

"Who said I thought that?" he asked, sharply.

"I—I—am sure you do," she faltered.

"Humph." He was silent for some minutes, and seemed to be attentively studying her face. "You think that because of what passed in the room, yonder," he said, abruptly, nodding his head in the direction of the apartment where Mrs. Raynham was still sitting. "Humph, I knew all the time that Tom was not the rogue. A far cleverer villain than he stole the money."

"Who did steal it?"

"Do you know?"

She stammered, dropped her head, and burst into tears. "No, no, no!" she moaned, "I can't tell—I won't tell. How *should* I know anything about it?"

Mr. Ketchem looked at her commiseratingly. If he had once entertained a slight suspicion of her honesty, it was now banished forever. Only a good, true woman would have manifested such genuine emotion, under the circumstances.

"Come," he said gently, after a long pause, "Let us be friends, Miss Dora. I like you, my dear; and I am sure we can be a mutual help to each other."

She only answered him with her sobs.

"In regard to Tom," he resumed, "I intended to frighten the fellow into running away. Of course suspicion will fall on him now. It seems a little hard, but cannot be helped. We will look to it that he does not suffer in any manner; and while publicly branding him as the thief, we will be on the watch for the real culprit."

"The real culprit! Oh, my God!" cried Dora, in a dying voice.

Mr. Ketchem dried her eyes with his own pocket handkerchief. "My dear," he said, gently, "I know very well whom you suspect of this crime. You suspect Victor Raynham."

"Ah, you will betray him!" she cried, in agony.

The lawyer smiled dryly.

"No, I shall not," he answered, "for I claim no share in your suspicions. Victor is as innocent as you or I."

"I only wish he were," she said, bitterly.

Then she told him everything.

Mr. Ketchem listened attentively, but with an unmoved countenance.

"All this would seem like conclusive evidence to some minds," he said, at last. "But it does not so seem to mine. You were in a state of intense nervous excitement when you descended to the library and laid down on the sofa. What is more probable than that you fell asleep and merely *dreamed* that Victor came stealing into the room some hours after midnight?"

She slowly shook her head.

"Somebody must have come into the room, for the money is missing. Why should I have taken that person—of whose presence I was certainly conscious, whether sleeping or waking at the time—why should I have taken that person for Victor and nobody else?"

"For the very good reason that you were thinking of Victor, according to your own confession, and of nobody else."

Her face brightened sufficiently to show how eager she was to seize on any hope, however meagre, of clearing her lover of all suspicion.

"I wish I could think, with you, that my experience, last night, was all a frightful dream," she said, sadly.

"Such dreams are not rare, by any means. They come with a startling vividness which renders them quite as stirring and thrilling as the reality would be."

"But," she persisted, "if my share in last night's events were thrown out of the question, there are other things which would seem to fasten the guilt upon Victor."

"What—for instance."

"His own confused and agitated manner."

"Does he know of your suspicions?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Isn't it enough to unsettle any man to be suspected of theft by the woman he loves, and expects to marry?"

She blushed red as a rose at that. "You forget," she said, faintly, "that Tom as good as accused him of the theft."

"Tom? Bah. What does Tom know about it? Depend upon it the young scamp had some reason for wishing to depreciate Victor."

He looked hard at Dora as he said this. She knew, by the furtive smile playing about his lips, that he had read Tom's secret in his eyes, in the room where he had been questioned, as plainly as she had read it herself.

Yes, there was a reason why Tom should wish to lower Victor in her estimation.

"You distress me!" she cried out, at last, in a voice of agony. "I don't know what to think, what to believe."

"No more do I," he said, kindly. "You see now the need we have of working together? In that way, and in no other can we hope to get at the bottom of this mystery."

"Yes, yes."

"And you must be kinder to poor Victor."

The tears gathered in her eyes again and fell slowly over her cheeks.

"I will."

"And don't trouble yourself over the fact that Victor wanted five thousand dollars—the exact amount which was stolen—to hush up that leech, Miles Rugby. I am sure it is simply an accidental coincidence in amounts to which no importance need be attached. There, I've said my say. Now go to your room, dear, and try to compose yourself before you are seen by any third person."

He pressed her hand, then turned on his heel and slowly went away.

But he had left hope behind, for the poor, tortured, wounded heart to feed upon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"In the Whole Wide World."

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

In the whole wide world there was but one—
Others for others, but she for me—
The one fair woman beneath the sun—*John Hay.*

Three winters ago Mrs. Helen Maynadier was quite the fashion with a certain literary and artistic set in New York. She was neither author nor artist herself—at least she was neither of set purpose; but sometimes she would write a lovely little *chanson*, which it was quite the thing to sing, or sketch some little picture, with a hand so free it showed she could have done more if she would; and both authors and artists valued her criticisms. She had been a widow for a little more than two years, and had just taken off her crapes, and subsided into the fascinating, mitigated woe of half mourning—violets and lilacs, and heavy, soft-falling black silk. Her mourning for the late-lamented Job Maynadier suggested a sum in the Rule of Three. As so much grief is to so much crape, so was the sorrow of Mrs. Maynadier's heart to the blackness of Mrs. Maynadier's toilet; and as the sorrow of her heart was very slight, the blackness of her toilet was very dense in order to preserve the fitting proportion.

She was a woman in her thirties—beauty or no beauty, according to the eyes which beheld her. "The loveliest face in the world," some people said, "sweetest eyes that ever have shone, dearest lips that ever were kissed." And "A well-enough woman past her youth, with nothing special about her," said other and colder judges. I—who being also a woman was not her lover, and being honestly her friend did not envy her—saw her, perhaps as she was. She had the charm which a temperament veined, however, thinly, with genius always possesses—a charm lost on commonplace people, but subtly powerful with the very kind of worshippers whom only Helen Maynadier cared to attract. There is no task more vain than to attempt to make a picture of a woman whose beauty is in her expression—in the shy, exclusive, womanly soul which looks through eyes of gray or azure. Sarony always fails here. He puts the little figure into a charming attitude; he arranges light and shade faultlessly; but the shy soul eludes him, and the face is a mask behind which the living woman has retired. Words are yet weaker than Sarony. What will you know more of Helen Maynadier when I have told you that her eyes were changeful things—now blue, now gray, now hazel, varying as her mood varied, but laughing often, while yet "her lips held serious sweetness;" that she had bronze-brown hair, and features not quite regular; that her rounded figure was womanly rather than girlish? You have yet no impression of her as she was—a woman with, it must have been some charm of her own, since so many sought her.

Of late it had seemed that there was one whose seeking might be not in vain; and nothing could be more significant of Helen Maynadier's character than the way she deliberated with herself concerning this same suitor. Her married life, outwardly prosperous, had been secretly one long misery. Where she looked for tenderness, she had found harshness; for faith, misconception; for appreciation, jealousy; in short, everywhere, and at all times, for bread a stone. A woman of nature less sunny and sanguine would surely have lost all faith in marriage, but not so Helen. She still believed that somewhere was the love she had not found—"the heart that not yet, never yet, made answer to her need." And she looked about her to discover this heart in a search as simple and sincere as another woman might have made for a coveted jewel.

Her enemies said that she flirted; but a woman who loved her, and understood her, told the truth when she said, "Helen never flirts; she only takes people on trial." This was it. There was the vacant, waiting place in her heart, and never having known the utter illumination, the sudden revealing of love—since her early marriage had come about, as most early marriages do, of accident rather than election—she honestly thought her only way to find whether any applicant for this vacant situation suited, was to see a good deal of him, and try how far he had power to satisfy and interest her. It may have *looked* like flirtation; it *was* candid and deliberate investigation instead.

As I said, there was just now a candidate whose claims she had held under so much longer consideration than any of his predecessors, that his prospects might reasonably be accounted good. Colonel Dalton possessed for her one great charm in his unfailing sweetness of nature. He had a tenderness which drew all women and all children toward him, without giving any impression of weakness. From the first Mrs. Maynadier had felt in him two things: he was strong enough to take care of her, and gentle enough to be good to her. These two things went so far with her, that it seemed to her they were a reasonable foundation for love. By this you will perceive that she conceived love about as accurately as a blind man conceives colors or a deaf man sounds. Love, to her thinking, was a kind of sublimated logic. The man who should be all that Job Maynadier had failed to be, must of course be he who could hold her heart.

So she let Colonel Dalton come and go, feeling that there was no hurry; but that doubtless when her heart of love was ripe he would be the one to gather it in and store it in the garner of his large, calm, kind nature. Meanwhile she made him very happy. She fenced with him with pretty little weapons of her own, keeping him from just the point of asking her to be his wife. But he was used to skirmishing, and was too good a soldier not to be willing to bide his time. She was always fresh, always amusing to him. Her very petulances pleased him. Poetry, which he had never been wont to care for, had a new meaning for him when she read it. Unconsciously but continually he was adapting himself to her tastes and her notions; which was all very well until the man came who needed not to adapt himself because his life was set to the same rhythm.

It is odd how often we ourselves introduce our own foes into the household. Hagar was Sarah's bondwoman; it was not Abraham who brought into the dwelling his temptation. Launcelot was King Arthur's knight—not page or squerry of Guinevere. So, one morning, Colonel Dalton, grave, benign, nearer fifty than forty, said to Mrs. Maynadier:

"By your leave I will bring round to-night a young friend of mine who wishes to be introduced to you—Captain Desmond."

Evening came, and with it the Colonel's "young friend"—a handsome, gallant man of Helen Maynadier's own age. You see that in telling you my true little story I have laid aside the ordinary stage effects of fiction. I do not intend to keep you in the dark a moment as to the fact that this same Captain Harry Desmond is not only my hero but Helen Maynadier's. I spoke a little while ago of the illumination, the sudden revealing of love. Is not all love, that is *love* at all, a sudden revealing—a light filling all the place? The sentiment that grows slowly of long knowledge may be friendship so warm and so tender that it is fit to be the joy and pride of a life; but it lacks something of the subtle sweetness of that intuition which is clearer than knowledge. At least those who have loved, as Helen Maynadier loved that night for the first time in her life, would tell you so.

She looked up, at Colonel Dalton's introduction, and met earnest, luminous eyes, just a cross between blue and hazel, which shone out of a clear-cut, handsome face that might have figured not inaptly on some old Roman coin. The dark hair was cut close, in martial fashion, revealing the proud, perfect head. The figure was well knit, and lithe, taller by inches than Colonel Dalton's; and the voice which spoke was the rich, flexible voice of an emotional nature.

If Colonel Dalton had been less unselfishly a gentleman he might have been piqued, so thoroughly did these two, between whom such sudden accord had been struck, forget his presence. Captain Desmond chanced to speak of a favorite haunt of Mrs. Maynadier's, a quiet, seaside nook, where she, a genuine lover of the sea, was wont to find rest to her soul. Desmond, in love also with the waves, spoke with enthusiasm to a listener as earnest as himself; and if her responses were few, watching her face where the thoughts came and went, he did not need words. The limits of an ordinary call had been several times out-staid before the two gentlemen went away. They walked a few blocks together almost in silence, and it was only in the brief sentence—"I thank you for a great pleasure"—that Captain Desmond alluded to the woman who had revealed to him womanhood, even as he had unconsciously closed the door of her past, and opened for her the gate into a new life.

Next day a vague restlessness had taken possession of Mrs. Maynadier. Colonel Dalton called as usual during the forenoon; but she wondered how it was that she had found him entertaining before. She would have liked to ask him some questions about his friend, but felt herself restrained by an unaccustomed shyness. She could not read. She did not care to talk. The days which came and went without bringing Desmond seemed to her interminable. There were three of them before he came. I was present at that interview, and I said to myself: "If ever two have drunk to madness of the wild, sweet wine of love, it is these two." And yet not one word of sentiment or tenderness was spoken.

Their third meeting was without the restraint of witnesses. They talked for a while on subjects which were not personal—some pictures they both had seen; some poems they both loved; life, religion, immortality. Then suddenly Desmond stopped and laid down a book he had been holding. He looked with those luminous, clear eyes, which no woman could help trusting, straight into her face, and said:

"Helen Maynadier, I have something to say which you ought to hear. I have loved you from the hour when we first met. Every thought of my heart since then, every act of my life, has been with reference to you. You cannot take yourself out of my fate if you would. It does not need that you should belong to me, but *I* belong to you absolutely, from henceforth. For you *I* shall live my life. It shall be as worthy of your esteem as I can make it; and, when I die and front God with it, I shall say, 'Such as it is, I have lived it for her. If there be any good thing in it, set it down to her credit.' Remember, I ask of you nothing, but I give you all that I am."

Helen Maynadier's nature was as simply direct and honest as a child's. In and of the world, graceful with its graces, worldliness was yet impossible to her. She looked straight into Desmond's face with her honest eyes, and she said: "*Why* do you ask nothing?"—and then flushing cheeks, appealing gaze, and silent, trembling lips finished the sentence, as clearly as words could have done—"when I am so ready to give you everything."

"Because—do you not know? did not Dalton tell you?—I am a married man. My wife is in a private mad-house?"

She looked at him speechlessly, with eyes in which the tears gathered but did not fall. For an instant he met the sad beseeching of that gaze; then suddenly he caught her close in his arms and kissed her with such a kiss as she had never felt in all her life, and then turned away with a bitter, passionate cry:

"O my God, what *does* life mean!"

The sight of his pain made her strong for him.

"It means," she said with a grave, self-controlled sweetness, "a state of warfare, in which the first foe we are to conquer is ourselves; and after the victory will come the triumph and the rest."

"Ah, God, but some victories cost us too dear."

He bent his head upon his folded arms, and it was many minutes before he spoke again. Then he stood up, and a strange change had passed over the handsome face since Helen saw it last. The mouth was set in tense lines, and the eyes were dark with pain. He said, so quietly that it seemed almost coldly:

"You have taught me what love is. I never loved before; and yet so ignorant I was that I thought I *had* been a lover in my time. I *know* now. This lesson is once and forever. I will live for you, as entirely as I love you. I will fight the foe you bid me fight, I will live the life you bid me live. You shall never blush for me, whether or not we ever meet again until we meet after the battle. Kiss me just once, my darling, for good-by."

She lifted up her sad, sweet face, and the kiss with which she kissed him was pure as those wherewith we touch the lips of the beloved dead, before the coffin hides them. And then he went away.

"Desmond is gone home," Colonel Dalton said, on his next visit.

"Where is his home?" Helen forced herself to ask, very quietly.

"In St. Louis. His wife—did I tell you?—is in a mad-house. She became insane three years after their marriage, and for eight years since he has been a wifeless husband. He is a good fellow—just the man who ought to have a happy home."

Mrs. Maynadier's cheek flushed. Colonel Dalton to speak of her king of men as a good fellow! She looked so handsome in her indignation that, like a man, Colonel Dalton felt the power of her beauty. She was not on guard as usual, and before she knew what was coming, he had asked her to be his wife—asked it with a certain confidence which had in it nothing of presumption, but which reminded her that she had encouraged him, and carried home conviction of sin to her conscience. She answered with a candor which would have disarmed a sterner judge.

"I might perhaps have told you yes, if you had never brought Harry Desmond here, for I did not know what love meant then. But to say yes would have been a fatal mistake for us both, for you are worthy of any woman's *best*, and *I* never could have loved you as I could not help loving him."

It showed the noble strain of the man's nature, that he thought of her grief before he thought of his own.

"But, my child, it is so hopeless," he said, with just such gentle persuasiveness as he might have used to a sick baby who had taken it into its head to cry passionately for the moon. "It is the most hopeless thing in life. If his wife were a sane woman even, there might be some chance that he would get his freedom; *she* might want hers, if she knew that she had lost his heart. But she cannot be the respondent in a suit when she is not in her right mind, even if he could so far forget himself as to take advantage of her misfortune. It is as hopeless as if he were dead."

"Yes, I know," she answered simply.

He looked at her and saw all the hopelessness of which he had spoken reflected in her death-white face. He put his hand gently upon her hair.

"Oh, my poor girl," he said, "had you not suffered enough before, that this last and bitterest pain of all must come upon you?"

Suddenly she turned.

"And *I* have made *you* suffer it also," she said, with such a tender humility that it went straight to his heart. "How *can* you be so good to me—oh, how *can* you?"

"Do not think of me, my dear. I am years older than you, and no pain, therefore, will last me so long. And I am harder, too, and stronger; and I have not had the past misery which has tortured you. If I could bear it all for your sake—your pain and mine—God knows I would. Perhaps there will come a time when you will rather have my daily tenderness than be all alone."

She looked into his face, almost uncomprehendingly.

"Why, I love *him*," she said, as if to all the hopes of all the men in the world there were answer enough in that little sentence.

But Colonel Dalton was a man—with the loftiest respect, indeed, for woman, but with a man's theories of woman's love; and I must confess that hope did not die in his heart quite so utterly as if Harry Desmond had been free.

He was wise enough, however, not to be obtrusive. He came to see Mrs. Maynadier frequently indeed, but he asked of her nothing, not even her attention. If it suited her mood to sit in silence, as it often did, he was quite ready to sit mutely beside her, but he surrounded her constantly with little evidences of his thoughtfulness. The flowers always fresh on her table were his gift. The new books and reviews which he brought and left behind him were always ready to her hand. He spared her, so far as he could, every care, every weariness; and he did it all so simply, so much as a matter of course, that she was not alarmed by anything lover-like in his attentions. She felt, indeed, all *that* was settled and at rest between them forever when once she had told him that she loved Harry Desmond; and she reposed in the friendship of this faithfulest friend as if he had been the brother he strove to seem.

When the summer came again she went away to the sea. Colonel Dalton did not follow her there, and at first she missed him. He would have taken heart of grace had he known how she felt the absence of his small constant cares from her daily life. Soon, however, she grew used to doing without him; for in the sea itself she found companionship at once sympathetic and familiar. It was the same sea of which she and Desmond had talked that first strange, sweet night when they began to love each other—the solitary, restless, despairing sea. She watched the white, ghostly fogs rise; she heard the sea birds' lonesome scream; she saw the glittering sails come in from some far-off world, not one of them freighted with her hope; the waves roll and break—cruel waves that should never lay any treasure-trove at her feet; and through all the watching, the longing, the unrest, she felt that she was never alone; that wherever *he* was, his soul was so near and so full of her that she could not be in solitude. Into her eyes grew a luminous, tender brightness. The color freshened on her cheeks at the salt, suggestive breath of the sea. She stayed until her little world had begun to wonder at her absence. She must see the September storms; then she found such a tempting glory in the October days—so that at last it was November before she went back to New York.

Her first visitor was Colonel Dalton. He saw the sea change in her, and he thought she was beginning to forget. He was more unfailing and more tender than ever in his attentions, and as before she received them placidly, thinking them but the evidence of his constant and long enduring friendship.

At last the time had come, he thought, when he might venture to speak. He went to see her one night, with a shy, fond hope fluttering in his heart, ready to spring to his lips. He found her attired as for a festival, her customary black silk replaced by one of delicate violet, soft laces at throat and wrists, a rose as pink as her own cheeks in her bosom. Of course she had expected him as usual. Had she then, done all this for him? He looked at her with loving eyes, of whose expression she took no note. There was a curious excitement in her manner as she returned his greeting and sat down beside him.

"Do you know what night it is?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly. The sixth—no, the seventh of December, is it not?"

"Yes, the seventh of December." She smiled a tender, loving smile, which curved her lips into childish softness. "Why, you *don't* know. It is just one year ago to-night that you brought Captain Desmond here. I am keeping the anniversary."

He looked at her—at radiant eyes, smiling lips, delicate, festal robes—and *he* had thought she was beginning to forget! He sighed one selfish sigh, whose bitterness she failed to guess. Then he said very quietly:

"You have heard from him, I presume?"

"Never one word since we parted; but wherever he may be, I can guess what to-night is to him."

"You are so sure of him!" Colonel Dalton half asked, half affirmed.

"Yes, I am sure. If I never see or hear from him again in the world, I am *sure*, thank God. Have *you* heard anything of his fortunes or his doings? You know I don't tease you much with questions, but—just to-night—"

"Just to-night," he finished the sentence for her, "you shall ask me what you will. Directly from him I have heard nothing, but I have heard from other St. Louis friends that he is leading a very busy, active, useful life; and that the physicians in the asylum are beginning to have a little hope of the permanent restoration of his wife to reason."

He looked at her searchingly as he spoke, but her face told him nothing. It had put on its soft, sweet mask of silence.

He went away early—the question he had come to ask unuttered. Was it destined to remain unspoken forever? If Margaret Desmond should be quite restored to reason, what then? He knew enough of Margaret's pride in the old days to be very sure she would not stoop to hold an unwilling heart.

If the thought of any such possibility came to Mrs. Maynadier, she gave no sign. She passed her days tranquilly. She was not less popular than of old, but her success was of a different kind. She was beloved more than ever by women. Young girls came to her with their tender secrets, and she was the fairy godmother of innumerable love affairs. But the men who had, or would have loved her, found in her a cool sweetness not repellent, but which turned them into friends in spite of themselves. Only Colonel Dalton, understanding all, and loving her strongly, faithfully, silently, waited to see how the story of her life should come out, feeling that for good or bad it was his own story as well.

At last once more the swallow "came over the seas in front of the summer," and Helen Maynadier went, gladly enough, back to the seaside, where always the man she loved seemed so strangely near to her.

One night, when she had been there for some weeks, she started out just at sunset, alone as usual. A narrow path led along the rocks overhanging the sea, and she took it. The waves were yet crimson with the radiance of sunset, while in the east a young moon rose, and its beams stretched a line of glittering light across the gently-swelling waves. She walked on "between the green land and the sea," and, turning a sudden corner after awhile, came full upon Captain Harry Desmond. She was not surprised. As I said, he had seemed so near her always at the seaside, her only wonder was that she had never seen his face before. But now it was no vision. Clear-cut features, luminous, tender eyes, which she had seen so few times, yet knew so well—how her heart thrilled as she met them!

"I started from St. Louis," he said, "making sure that I should find you at this place; and they told me at the house what direction your wanderings usually took. It is eighteen months since I have seen you, and here you are, the same Helen."

Her eyes answered his look of deep content, and then she asked softly:—

"And you?"

"I have been your soldier, as I promised. Every hour I have lived for you. And now I am come to you for orders. I have reached a great crisis in my life. I am to go next week to fetch my wife home. I have seen her, and she is completely cured."

"Let us sit down," Mrs. Maynadier said faintly. She divined that for her, too, a crisis had come, for which she should need all her strength. For a few moments neither of them spoke further. The sunset glow faded; there was overhead the blue, far sky and on the waters the long, level line of light, which looked as if it might be a path to the land of everlasting peace. She watched it, wishing vaguely that they two together might float out upon the waves to some unknown shore of hope. At length his tones broke the silence, tender with love, strong with passion:—

"My darling, you understood, eighteen months ago, that I loved you with the one love of my life. When I wooed my wife I did not woo insincerely. She had a proud, pure beauty of her own—a proud, pure nature as well. For three years we were not unhappy. She was cold outwardly, but I think her heart was warm, and she gave me all of it. If she had lived on like that I might never have understood that I lacked anything; but this affliction came upon her. I lived without her for so many years, lived, too, without interest in any other woman, that I had almost ceased to regard myself as a married man at all. It was when I felt that I loved you with a love stronger than life or death, and yet had nothing to offer you, that I realized for the first time with what galling fetters I was bound to a living death. I went away from you asking nothing of you but one kiss. I have come back, and you have not so much as given me a word of welcome, but I have looked into your eyes and I know that you love me still."

He stopped speaking and looked out, as she was looking, over the restless sea, with its one line of light—wished, as she had wished, that they two might go forth on it forever and be at rest.

"We might die together," he said, uttering his thoughts at length. "That would be so easy!"

"And so blessed!" she said, in a voice so low that he scarcely caught the whisper above the waves' murmur.

"Yes, so blessed as well as so easy!" and, as he spoke, for the first time that night, he reached out his hand and closed it over hers. She turned toward him and looked for a moment into his face. He will never live long enough to forget that look—the far, still watching sky, the sea pulsing like a human heart against the rocks at their feet, the tempting line of light along the waters, the eyes which met his own. It seemed an eternity before her voice came, clear and firm:—

"I think those who are strong enough to live have no right to die."

"Then you must tell me *how* to live; it was for that I came to you. I think I could get my freedom now."

"Through her generosity?" she asked slowly.

"Yes."

"You have seen her lately?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you still? Has her feeling for you outlasted these dreadful years?"

"I think the years are to her as an evil dream. She seems to have gone back in her

thought to precisely that hour when her madness came upon her."

"And she loves you?" Mrs. Maynadier urged gently.

"Yes, after *her* kind. But it is not as you and I love, Helen. And there are *two* of us."

"Yes, the power *is* on our side. We are in the majority. If she knew that you loved me, what would she do?"

"What any woman would who had her pride. She would go away out of my life."

"And what would the world hold for her, then—a woman whose best years, through the visitation of God, have been spent in a mad-house, whom friends and associates and the busy interests of life have all passed by and left to her only you? If she had suffered less already, it might be borne that the grief should come upon her of knowing she had lost her husband's heart. As it is, are we to build our happiness on the ruin of her already dismantled life? God forbid."

"I thought you *loved* me, Helen!" It was a man's sudden, passionate, unjust reproach.

She looked at him with another glory than the moonlight on her face.

"And now you *know* I love you—the true you—the best of you—the part of you that can be mine through the eternities. Is it so much to wait? I am strong enough for that, and I am but a woman. You are sure of her generosity if she knew—a generosity which would leave her own life bankrupt. Shall we, then, be incapable of a generosity which would spare her the knowledge?"

The silence which fell before his answer was long. When his words came at last, they were low but firm.

"I said that I would live my life for you, and fight the battle you bade me fight. You have elected that I should lead the saddest forlorn hope that ever swept a man on to death. But I will not flinch. I am your soldier till I die, and *you* shall rule my fate as you will."

"And at the end," she said, "there is heaven, *surely*."

She did not speak again, for her strength had been tried to the uttermost; and he, too, walked silently back beside her. At her door he said:

"I shall be gone before you are up in the morning. If I can help it, Margaret shall never know. I am your soldier, as I told you, through life and through death."

Still she did not speak. She was not strong enough for more than that last smile which conquered with its tenderness the pitiful quivering of her lips. The last words he was to hear from her were those beside the moonlit sea:

"And at the end there is heaven, *surely*."

He went away with the sound of them in his ears. They travelled with him, all through the weary miles between him and the home which was to be no home, the duty which would be only duty.

Mrs. Maynadier went back early to New York that fall. A restlessness possessed her which made even the seaside quiet intolerable. She longed to be doing something, were it only to interest herself in the small, daily cares and worries of the friends who relied upon her interest. They found her sympathy yet sweeter and more ready than usual. She did not join a sisterhood, or put on unfashionable gowns, or refuse all invitations. She went on her gracious ways, outwardly unchanged. When she gave her counsel to any who sought it, it seemed the fruit of deeper experiences; and when she talked she was more in earnest. That was all the difference which even Colonel Dalton, watching her with the keen insight of an unaltered love, could perceive. *Had* she grown reconciled to her life as it was? he wondered ceaselessly.

One night he spoke to her of Harry Desmond.

"His wife, it seems, is actually cured; and they are living together in the very same house where they commenced their married life, so many years ago. He cannot have told her that his feeling for her has changed, for I know Margaret Desmond's pride of old."

"No, he has not told her—he never will," Mrs. Maynadier answered, with a sweet, far-away smile, which gave her friend no encouragement to speak the words he had half meant to utter.

She puzzled him not a little. He reverenced womanhood—no man more. No man was at once more chivalrous and more tender. But he had a man's theories, as I said, and he did not expect from these creatures of lissome loveliness the strength, the patience, the hoping against hope, which belonged to his idea of manhood. Whether, indeed, Mrs. Maynadier hoped at all, he could not know. *He* saw no chance for even a castle in the air, wherein her hopes could dwell. But he beheld her, sweet, serious, self-contained, helpful, apparently missing nothing, and he was unable to guess at the secret of her content.

One evening, not long after this mention of Desmond's life, he went to see her. It was a stormy night, and he anticipated a solitary evening with her—a rare treat in these days, when, for one cause or another, so many sought her. A carriage stood before the door, and he met her, in hood and water-proof, in the hall. His face expressed his surprise.

"I am going to Nell," she said—"poor little Nelly Gregg, you know. She is very ill with typhoid fever, and there is not a soul in this great city who really cares for her except her lover and myself. I am going to take care of her. Her mother cannot come, for she is herself disabled by illness."

"Did she send for you?"

"No; I only heard to-night, from her physician, that she was sick. She has not been in her right mind since she was taken."

"But surely, Helen, you should not go to her. She will have a good nurse, of course; and these fevers are peculiarly malignant this year. Think how many need you, and keep away from danger, for heaven's sake."

"It is for heaven's sake I am going," she said gently, and he caught by the hall gas-light the gleam on her face of that strange, sweet, far-away smile which had puzzled him before. "Ralph Henshaw loves her, and I must save her for him. O God, it would be too bitter for a woman to die who *might* be happy."

He understood her better than he had done hitherto, when he heard the keen pain in her voice. He did not speak another word of remonstrance, but quietly stepped into the carriage beside her.

"I will go with you," he said, "and then I shall know where to come to ask after your patient."

For two weeks after that he called daily at the door where he had left Helen.

"Miss Gregg was worse"—"Miss Gregg was very low"—"there was scarcely a hope"—at last, "Miss Gregg was better, the crisis was past, if only there should be no relapse. Mrs. Maynadier had fought death for her, and saved her life."

The day these last words were said, Colonel Dalton met, as he was going up the steps, a man coming down whose face was kindled by the light of a great, solemn joy to a visible thanksgiving. Little Nell's lover, surely! A strange bitterness choked Colonel Dalton's heart. Why should this man, and so many other men, go forth gladly into the sunlight, while from him must be withheld forever the desire of his soul?

The next day he was told that Mrs. Maynadier's strength had given way at last, now that her friend was safe, and she had been taken home very ill—they feared it was with the same fever.

For more than three weeks he besieged Helen's house in vain. No friends could be admitted, he was told. Friends! It was nothing to the world that he had loved her with all the strength of his manhood!

There came a day at last when he was told that she wanted him to come up stairs. He found her, a white wraith of the woman he loved, lying on a low couch beside which a chair waited for him. He took it, and sat down by her silently. She spoke first, putting out a hand like a snow-wreath, so thin and pale and cold.

"I would not have let you come up, but I knew any danger of infection there might have been was over. And I *wanted* something of you. I am not going to live."

"Do they—do the doctors say so?"

"No," with that sweet, strange smile, coming like the ghost of some last gladness to the poor, wasted face—"no, they have not *said* so, but I read it in their looks, and better yet, I feel it in my own soul. And, dear friend, I want to see *him*. Do you know his address?"

"Yes, I know it."

"His wife must not understand why he comes. I would rather die without him than to bring on her now, at the end, the pain I gave up all the joy of my life to spare her. She has suffered enough. But, if she never knows, it could not hurt her for him to see me once more, before I die. If you telegraphed him to come to you at once, on urgent business, do you think he would understand and come?"

"I think he would come whether he understood or not."

"And will you?"

"I will."

Before night the answer had been returned. Captain Desmond had received the telegram, and would start that night.

The soul no near its end held desperately to its earthly home. She counted the hours as the clock ticked them away. So many before he would come. She *must* live till then—she *would*. Colonel Dalton passed almost all his time beside her. There was no one to interfere with his claim, and Helen, understanding with what vain but life long love he had laid his all at her feet, found a sorrowful comfort in his presence. Once she said to him:

"Do not think I am ungrateful. I know well enough that no one has loved me better than you." And those words, and the sad and tender smile which went with them, would have paid the man who had loved her so long for more lives than one.

It was just at sunset—the early sunset of a winter day—when Desmond arrived. Colonel Dalton had met him at the train, and brought him at once to the house where the one love of his life was waiting. The colonel went up to speak to Helen, and prepared her for her guest.

"I know," she said, looking with her bright, eager eyes, and the flush upon her cheeks, almost as if life and health had come back to her. "Send him up; I want to see him all alone. But first let me bid you good-by—you, who have been so good to me. I shall be too tired to see you when he goes, and we do not know where I shall be in the morning."

She put out her hand, and he took it. Then he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"Good-by," he said. "You have been to me the one woman in this world; I think you will be to me the one angel in Heaven."

Then he went away, and in a moment she heard on the stairs a footfall which she thought would make her dead heart beat again if some day it should walk above her grave.

He came in swiftly, and knelt beside her. Her poor wasted arms fell about his neck, his lips touched her dying ones, and for a time there were no words.

At last she asked:

"Your wife does not know?"

"She knows nothing."

"And you make her happy?"

"I think so."

"Thank God! That is my true soldier." And then again she lay very still, too weak for many words, but finding in his presence an ineffable content.

"How blessed it is, and how easy!" she whispered, after another long silence, going back, as he knew, to that last evening at the seaside. "I hear the waves pulse in," she said, "and I see the line of light across the waters, and it leads to the silent land of all delights. I am so glad to go!"

"Take me with you, my darling, oh, my darling!" he cried, in the passion of a strong man's pain.

"You will come in God's good time, when the victory is won. Kiss me once more, my darling, my life's one love. I am going straight to God, and if we have been wrong He will forgive us."

And so he held her there for hours, with scarcely another word, while the life that had struggled so desperately to wait for his coming "went out upon the tide." In those hours he lived a lifetime, he thought of passionate woe and joy. He could never be the same again as before those waves which bore *her* out upon the infinite sea passed over him. At the very last, she lifted her face a moment. He saw a flood of light break, sea-like, into her eyes, and her voice cried out, exultantly, the old words:

"And at the end there is Heaven, *surely!*"

Then she sank back again upon the pillow, and he knew that she had gone out upon the infinite sea, into the light of God.

The story of three lives was told when the dawning came. When Helen was gone, to stay in the world she had left was no longer living for the two men who had loved her with all the might of their hearts.

But Margaret Desmond was happy, for she never knew. "Thank God that she never knew!" her husband says to himself sometimes, watching her pure face of placid content. He can rejoice in her joy, though all gladness and all hope which this world held for him lie buried in the far-away grave of a dead woman. He knows he is fighting Helen's battle still; and in God's good time he shall go to her for his crown of victory. And often on still nights, while Margaret sleeps placidly, he hears the soft waves plash upon a far-off shore, and sees a line of light across a dim, unsounded sea, and listens to a voice that seems to float downward from the bending sky, and call to him, in the old beloved tones:

"And at the end there is Heaven, *surely!*"—*Galaxy.*

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHE.

Did you know that in 1846 a pair of whiskers or such a thing as a moustache was abominated in this section? We know a prominent gentleman of this town who says he never saw a man with a beard till 1856; that his father, as well as the other old gentlemen of this town, never wore a whisker, but shaved every morning and taught their children that "whiskers were an abomination and a sin." He says that at Chapel Hill, in 1846, a young gentleman from Raleigh (and now a prominent citizen of that city) made a weak attempt to cultivate a moustache, and it raised such a commotion in college that the faculty took hold of it, and sent the Rev. Dr. Deems, now of New York, and then one of the board, to the young man to reason with him, and get him to shave his upper lip. The Doctor appealed to the young man, for the sake of his sainted father, "to cut it off," and if not for his sake, for God's sake, "to cut it off." And the hairs disappeared. Only sports and circus riders and such wore whiskers in those days. Our informant now wears a heavy beard, and is not a little proud of his moustache. How times do change.—*Hillsboro (N. C.) Recorder.*

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I.

THE QUARREL.

Estelle Vane was a beauty and an heiress, and—the truth must be told—something of a flirt. The latter quality not being an excellent thing in a woman, for it never fails to bring trouble in its train, and Estelle's case was no exception to the rule.

Estelle was an orphan. A mild, old lady, Mrs. Mold, her aunt, lived with her at Vane Abbey, as the tasteless, modern structure had been presumptuously named. Mrs. Mold possessed decided talents for directing domestic affairs—and it was well she did, for the household would have fared but badly had the management of it depended on its mistress. Estelle was gay, and free, and careless as a bird in springtime, and she showed more temper than was quite proper at times. She was something more than pretty, and yet you could not call her beautiful; she was sunny-haired and sunny-faced; there was a charm about her which defied analysis.

Being a beauty and an heiress, Estelle was of course not without suitors. Indeed there was quite a swarm of them, "like bees around a honey-comb," Mrs. Mold said, but Osmund Ormsby more elegantly observed, "like buttawflies awound a wose." People said that Walter Miles and Osmund Ormsby were equally favored by the young lady. But people were wrong. Estelle had been engaged to Walter Miles for nearly a year. Through her caprice, the engagement had been made known to no one save Mrs. Mold.

Walter Miles loved her devotedly. He was neither handsome nor very brilliant; but he was sincere and true-hearted. He was, generally, sensible and clear-sighted, but love had blinded him, and he had fallen into the mistake of believing Estelle almost faultless.

Osmund Ormsby, (fourth son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby, be it understood,) was a fop and a fortune-hunter. He was distantly related to Estelle through her father, who had been an Englishman. Osmund had come to America with thoughts intent on conquest. The fourth son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby was not an exceedingly great person in England, but in the new world things are entirely different, you know, even the seventh son of a knight is thankfully received, and eagerly married by the most eligible young ladies. As Osmund was the son of a baronet, his chances were immeasurably superior. Acting on this belief, he took the earliest opportunity of honoring America with his presence. But he was somewhat disappointed to discover that the first-quality heiresses—for Osmund wanted youth, beauty, and refinement, as well as wealth—did not seem inclined to scramble for him, notwithstanding the oft-repeated proclamation that he was a son of Sir D'Estrange Ormsby, so he consoled himself for the indifference of the city belles by visiting Vane Abbey, and endeavoring to captivate Estelle.

Estelle's little eight-cornered boudoir was the prettiest room in the house. Glossy-leaved ivy vines climbed over the gilded picture-frames, and the scent of roses from the flower-stand mingled with the aromatic perfume of the fir-cones with which the little lady liked her fire to be supplied.

She was seated at the piano, playing a noisy "show piece." The door opened, and Walter Miles entered. His face was not as cheerful as usual.

"I thought I'd find you here, Estelle. I want to speak to you."

"*Plait-il, monsieur?*" she responded, wheeling around on the piano-stool, and looking up at him with the sauciest of smiles.

"I don't understand French," he answered, grimly. "You had better keep that sort of stuff for Ormsby."

"Some people possess sufficient tact to hide their ignorance; *others* are too frank." She was evidently prepared for a battle.

"There are many defects worse than a want of tact—flirting, for instance."

Estelle played a few notes with one hand, and said, "Indeed!"

"Flirting is certainly the most unwomanly thing a woman can do."

"I quite agree with you. But pardon me for not seeing the appropriateness of the remark."

"How *can* you say that, Estelle?" he hotly demanded. "Doesn't your conscience reproach you for flirting with—"

"I never flirt with *anybody*," she interrupted, looking as dignified as she could.

"Last night at the Mayton's party you danced at least a dozen times with that puppy Ormsby. Pretty conduct for an engaged woman!"

"Osmund Ormsby is a stranger and a guest here; as such he is not without claims. Although you appear to have forgotten them as well as *your* pretensions to the name of gentleman."

Feeling that she had made a telling thrust, Estelle paused and toyed with her bracelet in a cool, provoking manner.

"Ormsby is not your accepted lover, and you should not treat him as such."

"How dare you insult me, Walter Miles?" Estelle's eyes flashed, and her cheeks reddened. "Remember, sir, that our engagement is not irrevocable."

Her last sentence cooled his anger for a moment, but he burst forth again.

"Your behavior was disgraceful—outrageous! I forbid—"

"You are rather premature in your assumption of authority, sir. There—take back your ring." She drew Walter's engagement ring from her finger, and handed it to him. "Good evening, Mr. Miles, you need not tell me what you forbid." And with the most graceful courtesy in the world, Estelle pointed to the door.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, Walter Miles left the room.

When he had gone, Estelle covered her face with her hands and indulged in a burst of tears. Inconsistency! thy name is woman, is certainly an improvement on Shakspeare's celebrated line.

If Estelle's wishes and sighs could have accomplished it, Osmund Ormsby would have been wafted back to England that very night.

A week passed. Estelle read Walter's name among the list of passengers on the Dolphin, bound for Europe.

A month went by—slowly and wearily for her. Osmund Ormsby came to the conclusion that he was not appreciated, so he started for New York, hoping that Estelle would learn his worth by his loss.

One morning Mrs. Mold opened the damp newspaper at the breakfast table as was her habit.

"Ah," she said, "news of the Dolphin at last!" Then she stopped short, cast a disturbed glance at her niece, and rose to leave the room.

"Please let me see the paper, aunt," Estelle said, endeavoring to hide her eagerness.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Mold was at her wits' end.

"No, no, my dear," she responded, walking toward the grate, with a confused idea of burning the journal, but before she could accomplish her purpose Estelle seized it and read—the printed words seemed to blind her—that the Dolphin had gone down with all on board.

Mrs. Mold ran for smelling salts, but Estelle sat very pale and still. Every feeling deserted her—the sense of her great loss alone remained. Now she knew how much she had loved the man who lay beneath the waves. For a long time she made no movement. Mrs. Mold grew frightened. At last came a gush of hot tears; then Estelle prayed for resignation, and said, "Thy will be done!"

II.

ORMSBY'S BOUQUET.

Eternity grew nearer by a year. The darkness of grief passed away; life became pleasant to Estelle, but its joy and buoyancy were gone.

Osmund Ormsby had again come to Vane Abbey. He was determined either to win Estelle this time or to sacrifice himself to a rich old widow who was ready to take him whenever he should offer himself.

Estelle's birthday was near. Mrs. Mold, urged on by Ormsby, had determined to celebrate the season by a *grande fête*. There were to be *tableaux* first, afterwards dancing and supper.

The day at length arrived. Estelle, though at first looking on the affair as a great bore, had at length fully entered into the scheme. It was a sunny spring afternoon, and the performers had come to rehearse the evening entertainment. Gay groups of people were laughing and chattering in the great drawing-room, while the hammering of the workmen, who were busy with the stage and curtain, formed a deafening accompaniment. Bright-colored costumes and books of engravings littered the room. The scene was bizarre, and altogether indescribable.

"I wished so ardently to appear as a Moorish princess," said a tall red-haired young lady, who was discontentedly leaning against a pile of velvet cushions. "Queen Elizabeth isn't in my line. I don't like the character, and then Sir Walter Raleigh has such a small head that his great ruff quite hides it. When he kneels to place his cloak before me, I declare he looks as if he had just been beheaded. It's too ridiculous!"

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Mold, with the amiable intention of throwing oil on the troubled waters, "perhaps Mary of Scotland might suit you."

"Mary Stuart had auburn hair, they say—"

"But not crimson," said the voice of one who was to represent an evil spirit in the last tableau.

"What!" exclaimed the red-haired maiden, turning wrathfully.

"I was alluding to the velvet, my dear," rejoined the evil spirit, innocently.

Upon this the insulted young lady assumed the character of Niobe, and the evil spirit hastened to console her.

"What *shall* I do?" asked a plump, smiling damsel. "How can I wear my pearl-colored silk in the 'Kathleen Mavourneen' scene. Irish peasant girls don't usually wear silk dresses, do they?"

"You can wear it at the dance after the tableau," said Mrs. Mold, cutting the Gordian knot, as she thought.

"But that's not all. I'm dreadfully afraid of the cottage. It's only pasteboard, you know, and if it were to fall, and bury me in the ruins, how awkward it would be!"

"I'll see that it's safe. I'm in the same scene," said Ormsby who, having seen Estelle pass the window, was on his way out.

"Wouldn't he make a fine Lord Dundreary?" commented the evil spirit, maliciously.

"No, indeed—you mean that polite man—what's his name? Oh, yes!—Lord Chestnutfield," said Kathleen Mavourneen.

"Lord Chesterfield, *you* mean," corrected her discontented Majesty of England.

Osmund Ormsby went out on the terrace in search of Estelle. She was there, watering the thick border of roses which grew along its edge.

Osmund's attire was resplendent to-day. In fact, his "get-up" was perfect. His valet had spent all the morning in elaborating him. Even the costly cuff-buttons bearing the Ormsby crest (for which he hoped to pay out of Estelle's fortune) glittered with unusual brilliancy. He advanced towards Estelle with an air of assurance—somewhat in the same, saw, and conquered style.

"Ah," he drawled, breaking off a rose, to show his delicately gloved hand, "they're squabbling inside. Queen Elizabeth wants to abdicate and assume the style and title of the Queen of Scots."

"It can't be done," said Estelle, decidedly. "There's no time for changes; besides, the scene is from Schiller, and both queens are in it. But I'll go in and settle the matter."

"No—not yet! Please stay. I've something to tell you."

"Another time will do, Mr. Ormsby."

"No! no! only a moment—please—remain!"

"A declaration," she thought, stopping reluctantly. "I may as well marry him as anybody else."

So, with anything but a pleased expression on her face, she prepared to listen.

"Ahem!—ah!—beloved Estelle!—ahem!" began Osmund. Then followed an awful pause. He had forgotten his oft-planned speech. The young lady's coolness disconcerted him. He had expected that she would pave the way.

"Well?" she said, impatiently.

He was scandalized by her want of sensibility. She did not even blush!

"My darling, I love you distractedly," he resumed, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a perfumed handkerchief. "Be my wife, *ma belle Estelle!* O be mine!" His supply of words ceased. Proposing was harder work than he thought.

"I'll think about it," she responded, shortly, moving towards the house.

Now Osmund had his own reasons for desiring an immediate answer. Creditors were pressing, &c., so he said in a less sentimental tone—

"Couldn't you decide my fate now?—or, at least, to-night? Young ladies are generally bashful in like cases, and—"

"You have had a great deal of experience, I presume."

"No—that is—I was about to say," stammered Osmund, "I thought you might be delicate about saying yes—"

"Or *No*."

"Oh, not No, dwear Estelle! And I was about to say that as we are to be in the same *tableau*—The May Queen—you might signify your consent by giving me the bouquet of white roses and heliotrope I will send you."

"Very well—if I give you the bouquet, it will mean Yes." And she left him.

"An ice-maiden!" he soliloquized, putting up his eye-glass to look after her. "Stwange cweatures these American girls! Awful work popping the question! Glad a fellah has only to do it once. She can't be worth less than five hundred thousand dollars. Wish it were pounds sterling."

The glow of sunset faded into twilight, and night came bringing many guests to the Abbey.

The folding doors separating the two large drawing-rooms had been removed, forming in this manner one large hall. In front of the newly-erected stage the audience, presenting as many gay colors as a bed of autumn flowers, were already seated and listening to an exquisite duet, played by a violin and flute.

The curtain slowly rose to a slow, wailing strain, revealing a picture from Faust—Margaret going to church. The lights and hues had been arranged artistically by Estelle, and the tableau received an *encore*.

Then came the scene from Schiller, and after that Kathleen Mavourneen. A cottage was seen in the fore-ground. A landscape with the sun rising above distant hills occupied the back of the stage. Ormsby, in the costume of an Irish peasant, stood just beneath the cottage window, and began the song—"Kathleen Mavourneen." To do him justice he had a rich, sweet tenor voice, but his attempt at brogue proved abortive. He struggled manfully with the R's, and came off second best. As he reached the words, "O why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart," the lattice opened, Kathleen appeared, and the curtain fell.

Scenes from Dickens and Scott were followed by The May Queen. This was a pastoral scene imitated from a Watteau fan; all the characters appearing in the quaint court-dresses of the *ancien régime*.

The orchestra began a stately minuet, and the May Queen was discovered seated on a throne of velvety moss and surrounded by her court. Estelle made a lovely queen—a veritable Titania. She held Ormsby's bouquet of white roses and heliotrope. She was extending it to a kneeling shepherd (with a glass screwed in his right eye), when she suddenly noticed a strange form among the audience. The bouquet fell to the floor, and she sank back fainting in her seat.

There was some confusion. A man hastily rose from his seat, and pushing his way through the audience, took the fainting girl in his arms and carried her from the room, followed by Mrs. Mold.

Ormsby put up his eyeglass in silent astonishment.

A short time passed, while the audience chattered, sympathized, and wondered. Mrs. Mold entered to announce that Miss Vane had quite recovered, and would be able to appear in the next tableau.

"I say, Mrs. Mold," said Ormsby, indignantly, "that fellah acted as if he had a wight."

"And he has a right," returned the lady. "That 'fellah' is Walter Miles, and I imagine that Estelle is happier now than she has been for many a day."

"Walter Miles! I thought he was dead."

"It appears not. The Dolphin went down, but he was saved."

"How deuced awkward!" muttered Ormsby.

Later. Strains of music float through the open windows. The scent of roses fills the air. Two people are standing on the moonlit terrace.

"We were both to blame, Estelle," says Walter, putting a golden circlet on her finger.

"Let us forgive and forget, Walter—but you're in such a hurry about the wedding-day that I won't have time to gratify my inclination for flirting," she added, archly.

"You never did flirt—I was a brute to say so!"

But Estelle knows better.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

SAILING ON THE NILE. By LAURENT LAPORTE. Translated from the French by Virginia Vaughan. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

CHRISTIANA NORTH. A novel. By E. M. ARCHER. No. 40 of Appleton's Library of Choice Novels. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ANDREE DE TAVERNEY; OR, THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY for August. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for August. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. July, 1872. Published quarterly by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

GOOD HEALTH for August. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston.

THE LAWS OF LIFE for August. Published by Austin & Jackson, Dansville, New York.

ANOTHER NATHAN MURDERER.—The town of Aurora, Indiana, has been getting very much excited over the discovery, in a cave near that place, of the skeleton of the murderer of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, of New York. A confession was found with the skeleton, signed Antonio Harfe, in which the murderer declares that he died by his own hand. One of the peculiarities of these Nathan murderers, of whom there have been several, is that they are always dead when discovered. We can do nothing with the skeleton, not even try and acquit it, or have a disagreement of the jury about it. We hope the next Nathan murderer that is found will be alive.

☞ A citizen of Boston, who arrived in San Francisco a few days since by the Overland train, has instituted a suit for $10,000 damages against the Central Pacific Railroad Company, for being ejected from the cars. Plaintiff was travelling on a through ticket from Boston to San Francisco, and stopped over a day at Reno. The conductor of the next train cancelled his ticket, and ejected him for refusing to pay double fare for the remainder of the journey.

☞ Shakespeare would never have asked, "What's in an aim?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

A Delightful Surprise.

Ladies whose faces are clouded by superficial discolorations, and who have resolved to try HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM as a remedy, have no idea of the welcome surprise they will receive from their mirrors after a few applications from that healthful purifier of the complexion. If at all excitable, they will scream with rapture at beholding the change. Whether the blemish it is desired to remove be sallowness, blotches pimples, freckles, roughness, or an unnatural pallor, it is bound to disappear under the tonic operation of this wonderful agent. To say that the blemish disappears, does not, however, convey any idea of the effect produced by this celebrated beautifier. The unsightly tinge, whether diffused over the whole countenance or in spots, or patches, is replaced by a uniform, pearly bloom, to which no description can do justice.

☞ When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

Died Suddenly of Heart Disease.

How common is the announcement. Thousands are suddenly swept into eternity by this fatal malady. This disease generally has its origin in impure blood filled with irritating, poisonous materials, which, circulating through the heart, irritate its delicate tissues. Though the irritation may at first be only slight, producing a little palpitation or irregular action, yet by-and-by the disease becomes firmly seated, and inflammation, or hypertrophy, or thickening of the lining membrane or of the valves is produced. How wise to give early attention to a case of this kind. Unnatural throbbing or pain in the region of the heart should admonish one that all is not right, and if you would preserve it from further disease, you must help it to beat rightly by the use of such a remedy as shall remove the cause of the trouble. Use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before the disease has become too seated, and it will, by its great blood purifying and wonderful regulating properties, effect a perfect cure. It contains medicinal properties which act specifically upon the tissues of the heart, bringing about a healthy action. Sold by all first class Druggists. 38t.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Hell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.

By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.

By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.

By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.

By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.

1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does accure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remey commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

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Glorious and delightful as the Summer weather is, its tropical heat is a severe trial to the vital powers. Even the strongest are sometimes prostrated by its effects. The common phrase applied to this condition of the body is "general debility." Now, general debility arises from, and includes a variety of ailments. The liver is more or less affected, the bowels are either constipated or too much relaxed, the stomach but half performs the work of digestion, the appetite is poor, and the spirits depressed. This is what is called general debility. It is a general disarrangement of all the physical functions, and requires as a remedy a medicine that will regulate them all. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is specially adapted to this purpose. Its general operation is not confined to a single organ. If the liver is affected, it restores its tone. If the stomach is torpid, it regenerates it. If the nerves are tremulous and weak, it braces and reinforces them. If the mind, which ever sympathizes with the body, is gloomy and despondent, it relieves the difficulty, and soon brings the whole mechanism of the body into harmony with the laws of health.

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Beware of the Bitters made of acrid and dangerous materials, which unscrupulous parties are endeavoring to foist upon the people. Their name is legion, and the public has no guarantee that they are not poisonous. Adhere to the tried remedy, Hostetter's Bitters, sold only in glass, and never in kegs or barrels.

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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

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One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our *club* terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.
☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.
☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.
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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

YOUNG AMERICA.

"Too much wit makes the world rotten."

Hurrah for the bald-headed bird of my country! I venerate every pin-feather in the little end of the tip of his wing. I adore his very toe nails. America is the greatest, the knowingest, the biggest, the wisest, and the best governed country on the globe, civilized or savage. And her rising generation is, beyond doubt, the meanest and the most impertinent on the face of the earth. No "effete monarchy" could begin to produce the like.

A very sad thing happened here last week. A wealthy old man, highly respectable and worthy, a minister, indeed, lived in the suburbs of the city. He was eighty-five years old. He had a beautiful place, and a fine young orchard full of all manner of the choicest fruit. Summer pears and other fruit were just about half ripe. He had planted all the trees himself; earned every penny of his fine fortune honestly; and by all the laws of God and man he ought to have been allowed to enjoy it peacefully. He lived under the protecting wing of this great and glorious government of ours, you know, which claims to take care of the full rights of every man, woman, and child within its dominion. Mark that.

Well, since the old man's summer fruits began to ripen, it has taken the labors of three men, night and day, to keep Young America out of the orchard, and then their work has not been successful. Young America has made foray after foray on the summer fruits. Unwhipped rascals of boys broke into the grounds in great gangs, beat off the half-ripe pears with sticks and stones, broke down the trees, trampled rare flowers under foot, and smashed the fences. The poor old man was frantic. The young savages set him well-nigh crazy. One Sunday, after driving off several gangs of these thieves, the wearied old man lay down to rest. While lying down, word was brought him that another horde of young American savages was upon him beating off his summer pears. Driven wild, in a moment of frenzy, the owner of the orchard seized a shot-gun, and discharged it in the direction of the noise. One of the young thieves was shot dead. An Irish mob was nothing to the army of wild beasts, in human form, who were raging over the beautiful place in ten minutes time; they would undoubtedly have beaten the poor old man to death only for the intervention of the police. Then, like the mad beasts they were, they fell to work with clubs, sticks, stones and hatchets, and dismantled the whole lovely place, the patient work of years and years, as completely as if a storm of fire had swept over it, leaving not a vestige of beauty or fruitfulness.

And in the whole city, scarce one voice is raised in behalf of that poor old man. I have had my doubts whether this was a civilized country, for some time. I doubt no longer. A land where there is no security to property is not civilized, all the Fourth-of-July-ers in America to the contrary notwithstanding. I say it, and I stick to it, that no land where there are such young ones as there are in these United States, is more than half-civilized. A pack of Camanche Indians are no worse than some of them. I don't pretend to say what the old gentleman ought to have done. It is a question beyond my ken. But I do believe that if any children ever gave provocation for being shot it is our American children. They seem to me of late years, boys, girls and all, like an immense army of street-Arabs, with no childlike faith or tenderness or reverence about them. I'm sure I've seen but one old-fashioned obedient child in ten years. Maybe it's all progress, but if it is, I hope to goodness I'll be safe dead before the next generation comes on. I couldn't live through it, I think.

Across the street from our house there dwells a poor, ne'er-do-well cobbler. Yesterday while he was gone to dinner, the rising generation, boys and girls hereabouts, met in session, got some big chunks of mud, daubed the poor cobbler's door and window fore and aft, and chinked his keyholes all nicely up. If I had done the like in my day I would have been soundly spanked, but the parents of several of the geniuses looked on with a knowing smile, and thought it an excellent joke. I suppose it is the influence of free institutions. There's nothing like 'em.

I'd be glad to see some of the dear, old-fashioned little boys and girls again, innocent, modest, and confiding. I'd like to see once more the boy or girl who didn't know more than I do, and who wasn't familiar with all the wicked names in the English language. It would bless my eyesight to behold that child who is so ignorant that it doesn't know enough to pelt my geraniums with mud-balls, and throw dirt upon my front steps when I'm not at home. It would do my tough old heart good down to the last little fibre of its auricles and ventricles and mitral valves, to see a child once more who wasn't so very sharp and witty as to make me feel quite cut down before it. But alas! alas! I don't even know a child who believes in Santa Claus any more! ZIG.

SHORT DRESSES.—"Emma, my love," said a much enamored, newly-wedded husband, "you have such pretty feet that I wonder you do not wear shorter dresses." "I declare, George," she replied, "you are a greater noodle than even I thought you were. Don't you see, if I wear long dresses, I can have an excuse to lift my skirts much higher than I dare wear them if made shorter?" Exit wife for a walk. Husband sits down to reflect upon the subtleties of feminine strategy.

☞ One Western editor recently called another a "tank of mendacity."

RELEASED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARIE S. LADD.

She lay with her white arms folded
Across in a meek embrace,
And a light and beauty immortal
Spread over her pale young face.

We felt that this world's dull prison
Held captive a soul that pined,
And the eyes that were onward gazing
Were casting no glance behind.

And yet we prayed she might linger,
And hoped for a respite brief,
Could she but stay till autumn,
And fade with the falling leaf.

But our love was only cheating
Conviction that gave us pain,
For a beautiful form white shrouded,
Soon was where she once had lain.

THE ROOSTER-PECKED WIFE.

BY MRS. ELIZA S. TURNER.

SCENE FIRST.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer scratches for her breakfast. O. Chanticleer, Esq., from the top rail of the barn fence, becomes cognizant of the fact, and struts with dignity toward his little spouse.

Biddy—Good morning, my dear."

O. C., Esq—"Morning, madam; quite enjoying yourself, madam. Of course you are not aware of the fact that I have been up for more than an hour, and have not yet eaten a mouthful? Is that what I married you for, madam? [Gives her a pointed salute on the ankle.] Where are your domestic qualities, madam? [Imprints a mark of affection on the top of her head.] Where was your smile of welcome when you saw me getting off the fence? I watched you, madam! Where was your tender female solicitude when you beheld me looking weakly for want of a little nourishment? *Where*, I repeat, *is my breakfast?* Cock-a-doodle-do!"

Biddy (meekly)—Have a worm, dear?"

O. C., Esq. (solemnly)—"I will!"

SCENE SECOND.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer lays her first egg, and has invited two or three female friends to help cackle. [O. C. Esq., being absent.]

Mrs. Biddy—"Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a! cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a-cut!"

Mrs. Partlett—"Qua, qua, qua, cut-a-a-cut!"

Mrs. Penfeather—"Cluck, cluck, qua, qua, qua, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a-cut!" [Is interrupted by the sudden appearance of O. C., esq., who has just returned from a stag party.]

O. C.—"Cock-a-doodle-do!" Now, may patience be vouchsafed me to ask of you, madam, what *does* all this mean? Here am I returning, careworn and exhausted, from the excitements and temptations of a delusive world, expecting to find repose and peace in the quiet of the domestic nest, instead of which I discover you in the midst of riot and dissipation. Madam, insult not my penetration by denying it—I affirm that you are having a party!"

Mrs. Biddy—(apprehensively)—"Not at all, my dear; that is, my friends were just going by, and stopped in quite accidentally, and so—for you see, my dear, I've laid an egg! cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a—that is, at least—yes, sir, we've laid an egg!"

Three female neighbors, simultaneously—"Cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a-cut!"

O. C. Esq., (majestically)—"Peace, hens! Madam, what *does* all this cackling folly mean?"

[Exeunt hens, in indignation.]

Mrs. B. C., it has become necessary, at this stage of our matrimonial career, that I should state in mild but unmistakable terms my opinions regarding the appropriate sphere and duties of Henhood:—

"First—Self-devotion. It has been the decision of all Rooster-kind for ages, and therefore it cannot be denied, that the crowning virtue of the Hen character is disinterestedness. A true Hen should be patient, self-forgetful, obedient, tenderly solicitious for her husband's little wants, delighting wholly and solely in the graceful and pleasant duties that cluster round the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find *you* thinking only how to gratify your own selfish tastes and desires, instead of displaying (as might naturally be expected) some little sense of loneliness and melancholy at your husband's absence. I return from a visit of nearly twelve hours, and I find you literally rejoicing! Madam, I ask of you is this true Henhood?

"Second—A retiring position, a delicate shrinking from contact with the coarse and unsympathizing world, an exclusive indifference to all without the sacred circle of the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find *you* gadding among the other hens of the yard, making appointments and sending invitations. Again, I ask of you, madam, is this true Henhood?"

"Third—Freedom from curiosity. A true hen never evinces the slightest interest in the affairs of her neighbors, scarcely in her own; she never inquires concerning the whereabouts of her husband, being perfectly assured that wherever he be and however appearances at the time may seem to tell against him, he is ever acting with a view to the welfare of the domestic nest. On the contrary, what do I find to be the truth in regard to yourself? Not a rooster raises his voice within a half a mile of the yard, but you are able to name him; not a hen lays an egg but you begin to cackle."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"*I've* laid an egg! cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a! No, I mean—yes, sir, we've laid an egg."

O. C. Esq., (with solemn animation)—"*You've* laid an egg! And pray, where is the thing?" [Walks briskly to the nest, and takes a microscopic view of the object.]

Biddy—"Cut, cut, cut—I mean will it do sir?"

O. C. Esq.—Humph—well yes; very fair, considering; though, now I look more closely, I perceive that it is not precisely shaped; too short, madam, quite too short; not well finished off by any means. And what do you mean, madam, by having the thing so much larger at one end than the other? Where, I ask, is your idea of symmetry? Zounds! madam, if this is the best you can do in this department, I shall lay the next myself!"

Mrs. Biddy (with her claw in her eye)—"Please, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to."

O. C. Esq. (mollified)—"Well, well, don't fret your gizzard. You're no chicken, madam, to be so sensitive about a trifle. Only remember my advice in future, and, above all, recollect that the crowning virtue of Henhood is disinterestedness."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"Have a worm, dear?"

O. C. Esq., (solemnly)—"I will!"

SCENE THIRD.

Mrs. Biddy C. has been setting for three weeks. O. C. Esq., appears in the distance, parting with one of his numerous female friends. The tones of his voice fall faintly on Mrs. Biddy's ear:—

O. C. Esq.—"And now, sweetest of Hens, farewell: And may all the stars of Heaven and all the saints of the barnyard meet to register the day when your smile first dawned upon my dreary life, and made me the happiest of roosters! Farewell!"

O. C. Esq., wends his onward way. "Good evening, Jack; monstrous fine Hen that. Just been parting from her. Or may be you did not notice her points. Quite fond of *me*, too, I assure you. Still in tears, you will observe—ahem! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

O. C. Esq., reaches the domestic nest.

Mrs. Biddy (feebly)—"Oh! I'm so glad to have sombody to speak to; I haven't stepped off the nest, nor seen a creature, since sunrise. How do you do, my dear? Anything new going on in the yard?"

A long pause. O. C. Esq., appears to be suddenly overwhelmed with depression and silent gloom.

Mrs. Biddy—"What's the matter sir?"

O. C. Esq., (in a terrible voice, and walking like Othello)—"Matter! madam, behold! [Inserts his bill under his wing, and produces a rooster's tail feather.] Do you recognize that, Madam? Do you acknowledge an acquaintance with the chicken hearted caitiff who dropped it? Are you aware that I found it within three feet of the domestic nest?"

Mrs. Biddy (languidly)—"Did you? I didn't notice it?"

O. C. Esq.—"Peace, Hen! and listen while in calm but decisive terms I strive to impress upon your mind the enormity of your conduct! Has it not been decided—I ask you calmly, madam—has it not been the opinion of Rooster-kind for ages, and is it not therefore undeniable, that (after disinterestedness) the one thing needful to the female character is excessive modesty? A true Hen is so strictly and severely virtuous that the slightest attempt at intimacy from one of an opposite sex, though disguised beneath the specious mask of friendship, will excite in her breast the extremest aversion and horror! On the contrary, what do I find to be the case in regard to yourself? Only yesterday, on returning unexpectedly from a little party, I beheld you in animated conversation with my brother. Heavens! madam, am I to be longer the victim of such duplicity? No! sooner would I sacrifice at once the domestic nest, and fling thy lifeless body—oh! oh! misery! violence! revenge! 'Frailty, thy name is Hen!'"

Mrs. Biddy gets fidgety on her nest. "Oh! dear me, I'm so tired!"

Silence for half an hour.

Mrs. Biddy (in gentle desperation)—"My dear, do you think you would mind looking to the nest a minute, while I run and pick a little bit of something? I haven't taken a mouthful to-day."

O. C. Esq., (starting up in doubt)—"Madam, have I heard aright? Do I understand that you have distinctly offered to shift upon your husband the little duties of the domestic nest? Are you going to step from your sphere, madam? Do you mean to be a Hen's Rights hen, madam? Have I not again and again impressed upon your mind that female selfishness alone is at the bottom of these impious doctrines? And what, on the contrary, according to the decision of all Rooster-kind, should be the real pride and ambition of Henhood? Disinterestedness! A true Hen glories in little crosses and trials; for without temptations she perceives that there can be no virtue; without trials, no patience; without affliction, no resignation, which is always so lovely in the female character. A true Hen, situated as you are, would not only rejoice that Providence has seen fit to afflict her with trials, but, with that beautiful self-abnegation which can never be too strenuously inculcated by Rooster-kind, would set herself to planning new sacrifices. I say a true Hen, in your situation, instead of sneaking from her little duties, would contrive some plan (if only by reaching out her head, and picking the earth around her) for supplying her husband's little wants."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"Have a worm, dear?"

O. C. Esq., (solemnly)—"I will!"

CHIT-CHAT OF THE SUMMER RESORTS.

An English lord has the reputation of deeming himself the handsomest man at Saratoga.

Croquet continues the prominent fashionable dissipation at Newport, Long Branch, and Cape May.

Moonlight sails are now in vogue at Lake George, where a gay and brilliant company have assembled. They are enlivened by music from the hotel bands and songs from the amateur boatmen.

To be a swell at the seaside, the gentleman should dress in a suit of white flannel, wear a straw hat with blue ribbon band, and insert a round bit of window-glass in the right eye.

At White Sulphur Springs, Va., the accommodations are better this year than ever before. A brilliant season is predicted.

The new jail built by the Long Branch Commissioners was formally opened recently. The first victim was a tramp, who had drank, as he says, too much salt water while in bathing.

Baltimore belles are demolishing the hearts of all the young gentlemen at Cape May.

It is extremely dull at Newport.

More elegant young ladies than usual at Saratoga.

One young lady at the Ocean House, who calls butter "buttaw, waitah," wears nine diamond rings on one of her hands, and a bustle on which she last night unconsciously carried Charles Augustus Fitznoodle's blue-ribboned straw hat from the lawn to the bluff. [Long Branch gossip.]

Large numbers of Cubans are at Saratoga Springs.

A few days ago some masculine ladies at the Branch indulged themselves in what they termed "an amateur boat race." The result was an upset craft, ruined muslin dresses, dishevelled hair, and a deal of shouting, screaming, and sarcasm from bystanders.

A striking moustache at Saratoga is thus described:—It is one of those formidable hirsute appendages that instantly overcome young ladies, and in a twinkling awes civilization in general. In dimensions it is ten inches over all, and two inches breadth of beam. The design is simply ferocious, and frightens little children, who flee in terror at the first glance at it and cling to their nurses for protection. In architectural design it is peculiar and quite original, and the extremities are unwaxed and persuaded to point forward like the claws of an amiable lobster.

The fashionables of Saratoga depend entirely upon the evening hops at the large hotels to display their wardrobes, though dinner is one of the legitimate exhibitions for display. It is not unusual at the Union, Congress, or Clarendon, to see ladies in full dress, diamonds not excepted, at dinner. The immense bustles now worn so disfigure many ladies that it is hard to decide whether their proportions are real or imaginary. The tall and slim and the short and fat all indulge in this absurdity. Long trains of expensive silks continue to sweep the sidewalks, and short dresses are the exception, not the rule. In fact, the ball-room is full of immense trains, which not only annoy the wearer, but seriously impede navigation.

There is a popular idea that one can take one's family abroad, "see Paris, and London, and Switzerland, have a run among the Scottish highlands, around the lakes of Killarney, and up and down the Rhine," as cheaply as they can spend three months at our summer watering places; but a trial will prove the foreign trip the most expensive. Railroad fares are very much higher abroad than in this country, and to live cheaply in Europe one must live in a quiet, retired place, or visit the cities and watering places out of season. At all the German spas the cost of living is fully double in the summer months, and during the "season" in London the hotels and lodging-houses are crowded, and prices are very high.

Directions for Restoring the Apparently Drowned.

Illustrations, Nos. 1 and 2, show the position of the Body during the employment of Dr. Marshall Hall's Method of Inducing Respiration.

No. 1. INSPIRATION.

The leading principles of the following directions for the Restoration of the apparently Dead from Drowning are founded on those of the late Dr. MARSHALL HALL, combined with those of Dr. H. R. SILVESTER, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution of England, amongst Medical Men, Medical Bodies, and Coroners throughout that Kingdom. These Directions have been extensively circulated by the Institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies. They are also in use in the Navy, in the Coast-guard Service, and at all Stations of the British Army both at home and abroad.

I.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient *instantly*, on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward,

By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.

No. 2. EXPIRATION.

whether on shore or afloat, exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first and *immediately* the RESTORATION OF BREATHING; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the PROMOTION OF WARMTH AND CIRCULATION.

The efforts to *restore Breathing* must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote *Warmth* and *Circulation*, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing; for if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4 show the position of the Body during the employment of Dr. Silvester's Method of inducing Respiration.

No. 3. INSPIRATION.

II.

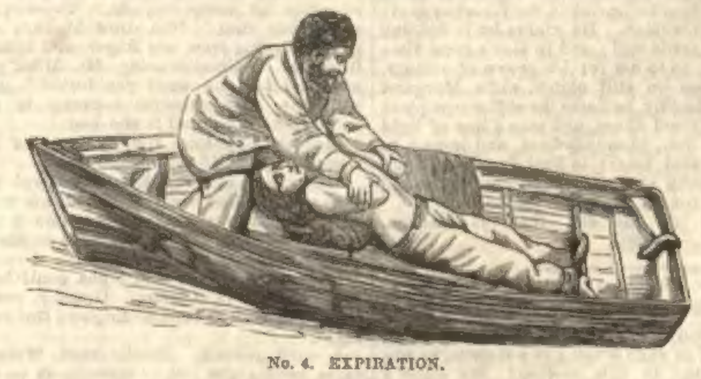
TO RESTORE BREATHING.

(*According to Dr. Hall's Method.*)

TO CLEAR THE THROAT.—Place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote Warmth. If there be only slight breathing, or no breathing, or if the breathing fail, then—

TO EXCITE BREATHING.—Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, etc., if they are at



No. 4. EXPIRATION.

hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—

TO IMITATE BREATHING—Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again, repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it.

[*The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration.*]

*** The result is *Respiration* or *Natural Breathing*; and if not too late, *Life*.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet, and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body, and cover or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

III.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. SILVESTER'S method, as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades. Cleanse the mouth and nostrils, draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

TO IMITATE THE MOVEMENTS OF BREATHING.—Standing at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and *keep them stretched* upwards for two seconds. (*By this means air is drawn into the lungs.*) Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. (*By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.*) [See Engravings 3 and 4.]

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to *induce circulation and warmth*.

IV.

TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

TO PROMOTE WARMTH AND CIRCULATION.—Wrap the patient in dry blankets; commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, &c. [*By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.*]

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing.

Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.

APPEARANCES WHICH GENERALLY ACCOMPANY DEATH.

Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched; the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

CAUTIONS.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

DROWNING.

The actual condition is here due to the same cause as in death by hanging, the non-entrance of air into the lungs. If repeated attempts at breathing be made while the patient is in the water, air will escape from the chest, and water may pass into the air-passages, but this intrusion of water is no necessary condition of drowning.

Hence no attempts need be made, as our forefathers taught, to remove the water from the chest, by rolling the body face downwards on a barrel, etc.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DORRIS HUNTINGTON.

Day-spring! Light divine! All light excelling!
Eager I watch thy shining from afar,
All glorious! thou bright and morning star!
Resplendent as thou art, all darkness quelling:
Kindle within my heart a flame divine.
Attune my spirit to thy gracious will,
So that I may with heartfelt joy fulfil
Each wish, each thought, each dear command of thine.
Bless me, my Saviour, when on bended knee,
Repenting of my sins so oft confessed,
Each doubt, each fear, like shadows flee from me,
And peace eternal nestles in my breast.
O Lord! to thee I offer now my heart,
Help me to choose the nobler, better part.

HEROES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA WHEELER.

"We must worship our heroes afar off; contact dispels the charm."

I don't know who said that, but I found it floating among the gleanings in a local paper, and it struck me as containing a vast amount of truth.

We all have our heroes, our idols in human form, whom we worship afar off. Some have but few, some many. People of literary taste and preference worship literary luminaries—poets and authors, whose books have been their companions in lonely hours, whose ideal characters they have grown to think of as intimate friends; whose beautiful thoughts and noble sentiments have opened the gate to an earthly Paradise.

Lovers of art worship the successful painter and sculptor. He whose canvas glows with glorious colors, whose pictures adorn the walls of the great, whose brush seems to have been dipped in some heavenly liquid, and whose eye seems to have caught the hues of heaven itself, that he is enabled to reproduce them upon canvas; or he who chisels from the lifeless marble statues of such marvelous beauty, figures of such matchless symmetry, that the highest of the earth do him homage.

Music lovers worship the great composer, or the queen of song, the reigning prima donna, or the renowned performer.

The student or the political aspirant worships the orator whose glorious voice and soul-stirring words bring forth irrepressible bursts of enthusiasm and applause wherever they are heard, whose speeches are masterpieces of patriotism and composition, and whose name stands high in the world of oratory.

So people of all positions in life have their heroes: all of us our idols whom we worship afar off; and how often in reading the poems of our hero-poet, or the book of our hero-author, we exclaim, "Oh! if I could but *see* and *know* this writer, what a privilege it would be."

How often we think, if we do not speak the thought, when gazing at a beautiful painting, "What would I not give to be permitted to know personally the artist who could paint that!" Or in listening to a wonderful piece of music, "How I would like to know the composer of that!" Or in listening to the great orator, "What a privilege it would be to have daily intercourse with such a man!"

We surround our heroes with a golden halo; we picture them in a misty splendor, and we think if we could but be near them and see them and talk with them that the golden splendor would grow brighter and more golden and glorious the nearer we approached, and perhaps we should be imbued with a portion of the dazzling splendor.

We think that our hero-poets would talk to us in the language of their poems, and their thoughts would all be expressed in musical rhymes or stately hexameter. That our hero-authors would be like their books, our painters like their pictures, our musicians like their music, our orators like their speeches.

It is a pleasant thought. It is pleasant to worship such people, but let it be "afar off," for oh! my friend, in nine cases out of ten "contact dispels the charm."

Awakening from a beautiful dream to stern reality is not pleasant. To dream golden dreams about your hero-poet and to awake (by contact) to find him a very inferior being in personal appearance, and very common-place in deportment and mien and address, to find the poet whose written thoughts were as musical as dropping waters at a loss for words whereby to speak the thoughts of every-day life, is not pleasant.

To find our hero-author with no golden halo about his—or it may be her head—but on the contrary an ordinary being who talks about money and politics, or the spring fashions, and scolds the children in sharp tones, this is not pleasant.

Nor to find our artist, whose pictures are glimpses of heaven, a red-faced man who indulges so freely in the cup that inebriates that he is rarely sober.

Nor to find the great composer an uninteresting individual who scratches a frowsy head with lean fingers, and who stores away an alarming quantity of pork and beef and cabbage and onions, and whose voice is quite unlike his music.

Nor to see our orator, whose every gesture upon the rostrum was grace personified, with his feet upon the centre table, examining his countenance through a pocket mirror, and to hear him use slang and say "You bet," and "That's what's the matter," and speak to the servants or mayhap his wife in no very gentle tones.

I say all these things are unpleasant, as they dispel the charm. Therefore let us worship our heroes afar off, and be content.

☞ The Coming Obituary. Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, John Smith, husband of the Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence in Franklin, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues: as a cook he was surpassed by few, as a nurse he was equalled by none.—*Merrimack Journal.*

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ANOTHER OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MINNIE MAY.

"Cruel only to be kind."

Do you remember the evening
At the close of the Hilton ball,
When we two stood alone together
At the door of the great wide hall?
You whispered, "Time shall have ended
Ere the sun of our love shall set,
But the years may be long at wooing,
So I beg of you, *do not forget.*"

Then you placed a ring on my finger—
How it flashed and shone in the light!
Then as I looked, Floy Hilton
Swept past us with a face so white.
Could she have heard? I wonder,
I know that she loved you well—
How the jealous pain must have maddened
The petted society's belle.

Her glance held the hate of a serpent,
And her wrath was intended for two.
But why linger over the story?
'Tis the year past, you proved untrue.
And now in the Hilton mansion,
You sit like a lord so grand,
And I, in my humble cottage,
Am the happiest wife in the land.

WILLINGTON'S WIDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

There were a great many sorrowful faces at the club-room when the news came, for handsome, careless, merry-hearted, Charlie Willington was a general favorite, and his sudden and unexpected death cast a shadow over them all.

"Poor Charlie!" said every one—and then the next thought was, "Poor little Mrs. Charlie!"—and perhaps poor little Mrs. Charlie was the most to be pitied after all, for it was only three months before that Charlie Willington had brought her to the pretty little cottage just inside the city limits, and, with pardonable pride, introduced her to his friends.

They were a romantic couple anyway, for it had been a "runaway match" in the first place; though what they ran away from, nobody knew—for Alice Maynard being an orphan, had no "stern parent" to cross her will, and Charlie had not a relative in the world except an old uncle in the north of England.

At the time of her marriage, Alice was a pupil-teacher in a young ladies' seminary, and had not one penny in the world, although she had arrived at the mature age of seventeen—while Charlie had only his pay and a hundred a year, which his mother had left him; nevertheless, they commenced their married life without a bit of worry or uneasiness about the future.

It was like seeing two children playing at housekeeping, to go out to Rose-Cottage—so thoroughly and irresponsibly happy were the two young people, and so utterly care-free and childish was the young wife.

She was a lovely little girl, fairly devoted to "dear Charlie," and charmingly gracious to all "dear Charlie's" friends, therefore Rose-Cottage soon became a favorite resort of Charlie's many acquaintances, and he was voted "a deuced lucky fellow." While no words could do justice to the charms and graces of "Willington's wife."

Such perfect little suppers as they gave! Of course Charlie could not afford it, but Alice liked company and so did he—and to him she never looked prettier than when she sat opposite him, doing the honors of the table with a funny little assumption of dignity, and making herself generally agreeable to his guests. Therefore, although some of his older friends advised him to live more quietly, Charlie only shook his curly head and laughed in his boyish way.

"I never borrow trouble," he said, "Allie likes it and so do I. What's the odds so long as you're happy!" and so he went on in the same careless way until a message from his uncle summoned him away to his death.

They all remembered how handsome he had looked on that last morning as he came in to say good-bye, his boyish face radiant with smiles, his yellow hair shining in the sunlight.

"I hate mortally to go," he had said, a shadow of vexation clouding his face for a moment, "but uncle Bob is my only relative, and I can't neglect him, you know." And then, with a nod and a smile, he was gone, only to reappear at the door after a minute, with uplifted finger and a laughing caution—"Be sure and take good care of my wife!"

That was the last that was seen or heard of him until nearly a week afterwards, when his name appeared in the list of the missing, after the frightful railway accident in ——shire; then it seemed as though his last words had been uttered with a vague premonition of trouble.

There was a great deal of talk in the club-room over the awful news, but the most interested and earnest group of all was one composed of some six or seven gentlemen who were gathered around a little table in the ante-room. These were Charlie's most intimate friends, and their shocked and saddened faces told how much they had thought of the bright-faced young fellow.

"It's an awful thing!" said John Leavencourt, the eldest of the group. "Poor fellow! but the next thing is, what is to be done about Willington's widow?"

"Willington's widow." How strangely the words sounded! "Willington's widow." Involuntarily each one thought of the pretty child (for she was no more), who had been so full of life and gladness when they last saw her, and pictured her in the desolation and wretchedness which had come to her so suddenly.

"She don't know anybody," said Regy Hartmann; "poor little thing—and she hasn't any relations. What can she do?"

"I don't believe she knows a woman in the whole town, but that old Gorgon next door," said another, decidedly. "She was so shy at first, and only wanted to know Charlie's friends, so she is all alone in her trouble."

There was a general murmur of sympathy, and then John Leavencourt spoke again. "Somebody must go down and see her, of course. The next thing is to find out about Charlie's affairs,—whether he left her anything or not."

They almost smiled at the idea. Charlie Willington "leaving anything" indeed! He who had never been known to save a penny in his life. Evidently Willington's widow was left in a hard place.

"Who will go and see her first?" was the next question, and it remained unanswered for quite a while, for although they were all heartily sorry for her, and anxious to help her in her trouble, they each had a kind of dread of meeting her for the first time after the great blow which had fallen on her.

"I'll go," said John Leavencourt. "It's my place, I suppose, for I was one of Charlie's oldest friends. Perhaps the poor little thing needs help badly."

Accordingly he made his appearance at Rose Cottage that afternoon, and being ushered into the pleasant little parlor, sat down in such a state of nervousness and trepidation as no one would have thought him capable of. He had not long to wait, for as he sat staring out of the window and wishing himself almost anywhere else in the world, Alice Willington came in. That she was wretchedly ill, his first glance at her pale face told him, but she had never looked so beautiful to him before as she did when she gave him both her hands in her childish, impulsive way, and looked up at him with her great, blue eyes.

"You were so kind to come!" she said, and then, as he led her to a seat, she broke down completely, and cried and sobbed until John Leavencourt was thoroughly frightened.

"You will certainly hurt yourself if you grieve in this way," he expostulated, in genuine distress. "It's an awful thing to happen I know, but it can't be helped now. All the fellows are awfully sorry for you, and would do anything in the world to help you, or make it easier to bear. But don't cry!" If ever a man was utterly wretched, John Leavencourt was then; he brought her water—he fanned her—he did every absurd thing which he could think of to soothe her, and when at last she grew more quiet, there were actually tears of sympathy in his own eyes.

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself as he walked homeward through the deepening twilight, "what on earth will become of her?" and this question came to him much more forcibly when he found her, two or three days afterward, sitting in mute despair with her lap full of tradesmen's bills, and a look of perfect bewilderment on her pretty face.

She rose to welcome him, dropping them in a miniature snow-storm, and as he gathered them up again, she appealed to him in her childish way.

"I don't understand it at all," she said; "ever since that awful news came these bills have been coming in—what must I do with them?"

John Leavencourt might have answered "pay them," had not her next words put that straightforward remedy out of the question entirely.

"I don't know what to do, I am sure," she continued; "I've only got three pounds in the world, and—and—" She was going to break down here, but he interposed with a little assumption of authority which her childishness seemed to warrant.

"You mustn't worry over it, Mrs. Willington. I will look them over if you choose, and we will see what can be done. Really now, you know, you *mustn't!*" as a stifled sob came to his ears. And then he sat down to investigate the condition of poor Charlie's affairs, while Alice sat beside him, her white forehead wrinkled up in a vain attempt to follow his rapid reckoning, and her blue eyes brimming with tears which she would not let fall.

It was just like thoughtless, careless, merry-hearted Charlie to leave everything in this way; John Leavencourt's face grew very grave as he summed up the whole. Here were bills amounting to over seventy-five pounds, and there sat "Willington's widow" with three pounds with which to meet the demand!

Here were bills for almost everything under the sun—things necessary, and things unnecessary—a bill for rent, a bill for this, that and the other, and John Leavencourt looked at the fair young girl beside him with pitying eyes. Verily what *would* become of "Willington's widow?"

The next day at the club the same group gathered around the little table in the ante-room, and John Leavencourt laid the case before them; the bills could be settled easily enough, for they were all ready and willing and ready to help "Willington's widow," but the great question was—what would become of her?

She had not a friend in the city besides Charlie's bachelor friends. She had no property, no relatives, and even if she had money enough, she was too young and pretty to live alone without incurring the ill-opinion of the world at large.

Certainly, "what will become of Willington's widow?" was a hard problem—one not easy to solve.

The days passed slowly by, and the sweet little mistress of Rose Cottage grew thin and pale despite the kindness of Charlie's friends, for the shock of Charlie's death wore on her terribly; still she was quiet and uncomplaining, and earnestly thankful for every kindness that was shown her. She never knew how deeply indebted she was to them all, but she appreciated and understood their sympathy and friendliness. Scarcely a day passed without additional proofs of their generosity and kindness, and Alice accepted them all in the spirit in which they came, but still the same question puzzled them all—"what would become of Willington's widow?"

And suddenly a new trouble made its appearance. Regy Hartmann, after riding down to Rose Cottage with a basket of choice fruit and some flowers, returned disgusted, having been met at the door with a chilling "Not at home." Arthur Orton, going down the same day, met with the same reception; what the matter was, no one knew; but John Leavencourt, suspecting what it might be, went down at once to find out the truth.

"I knew you would come," Alice said, with a sigh of relief, as he entered; somehow, although the others were very kind, there was not one of them on whom she depended as she did on him. He was Charlie's oldest friend—that was his first claim; and besides, he had from the first assumed toward her a semi-paternal manner, which put her quite at her ease. Therefore to him she came with all her little trials and worries.

"I have so wanted to see you!" she said, and then she told him all about it—told him as a child would have done, frankly and unreservedly, sure of sympathy and help.

It was as he had thought. "That old Gorgon next door" was at the bottom of it. She had "felt it her duty" to call in and tell Mrs. Willington that her conduct in receiving gentlemen visitors was very unbecoming. "Sheer thoughtlessness, no doubt," she had said; "but really, Mrs. Willington, you know, not the thing at *all*."

Poor Alice! she had cried herself sick over it, and was utterly wretched. Again John Leavencourt was forced to wonder what would become of "Willington's widow."

Something must be done, however. It wouldn't do to have this kind of thing go on; and so, after comforting Alice as best he could, he sat and thought it over earnestly. It was now nearly five weeks since he had constituted himself guardian of the interests of "Willington's widow," and he had found the place no sinecure. He had worried, puzzled and planned until he did not know what next to do. It was a hard situation to be in, and it seemed still harder as he looked at the sweet-faced girl beside him. Some way she had grown very dear to him in the past weeks, although he scarcely acknowledged it, even to himself, and her absolute helplessness and dependence made him pity her heartily.

There was only one thing which could be done for her, and although it would involve a great deal of explanation and be a little awkward for him, he decided to do it.

"Alice," he said gently, after a little silence, "there is but one way—you must go down to Elling for awhile."

"To Elling?" Her eyes expressed the question she would have asked.

"To my mother's," he explained. "She will receive you kindly and try to make you happy for my sake—there is no other way."

She looked up at him with the ready tears rising to her eyes and her face flushing deeply.

"You are so kind!" she said, earnestly. "Thank you,—more than I can tell."

A sudden noise in the hall startled her; she turned pale and listened intently. "Who is it?" she gasped; it sounds—it sounds like *Charlie's* step."

Could it be true? The door slowly opened, and Charlie Willington, pale, thin, and wretchedly ill-looking, but with the old brightness in his eyes, stood before them!

Alice stood like one spell-bound, one hand clasping the chair-back, and a strange, awe-stricken look on her white face.

"Allie, dear little girlie!" It could be no other than Charlie's self that said that, and with one great sob of thankfulness and relief, Alice sprang into his arms. "Oh, Charlie—Charlie—Charlie!"

"And you all thought I was dead?" said he, when the first excitement was over, and he sat with Alice on his knee, smoothing her bright hair with his loving hand. "Of course you did. You see I wasn't on that train that got smashed and burned at all. I got out at a way station and was left, and when, after the accident, they found my overcoat and some cards which were in the pockets, they thought that I had gone with the other poor passengers. The next thing to explain is why I didn't come straight back. I was nearly sick when I started away, and, to tell the truth, the reason I got left was because I fainted dead away in the waiting-room. It was a fever that I had, and for four weeks I was out of my head nearly all the time—came pretty near giving up entirely, but for the thought of poor little Allie here, I believe I should."

And so Charlie Willington came back again, and everybody was heartily rejoiced,—even John Leavencourt, who covered, with a smile, the heart-ache which *would* trouble him when he saw Alice's devotion to her newly-found husband, and everybody was ready to congratulate him when, two month's later, "Uncle Bob" saw fit to die and leave his fortune to the young couple.

"And wasn't it just the oddest thing in the world," said Regy Hartmann to his friends, "that Willington's widow was not a widow at all?"

The Reportorial Inquisition.

We do not know what punishment the council of war will inflict on Marshal Bazaine, but we do know that, in the meantime, the defender of Metz is subjected to a terrible ordeal. Torturing, quartering, hot irons applied to the soles of his feet, in short, all the punishments of antiquity and the middle ages, were nothing compared with that M. Bazaine is condemned to submit to at this moment.

It may be called the torments of reporterage. M. Bazaine is the victim of the reporters of the fifteen or twenty Paris dailies.

At six o'clock in the morning a reporter presents himself to the Marshal:

"Excuse me, monsieur, for waking you so early."

"Do you come from my counsel?"

"No, monsieur; I come in the interest of *Le Phare Petrolien*, the most enterprising journal published in Paris. On your account we shall publish three editions to-day, and even a fourth if it be necessary. Ah, monsieur, you are a greater success than Troppmann."

The Marshal does not seem to be flattered by the comparison.

The chronicler now begins to ask questions and to take notes:

"How did you sleep last night?"

"Very well."

"By your leave."

"What are you doing?"

"Making a sketch of your bed. There, that will suffice, I think. Did you dream?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I don't remember."

"That's a pity; but I will invent a dream—something quite remarkable. You dreamed, for example, that you were at Metz, and that you were killed leading a column against the besiegers."

"But—"

"You will be satisfied with my invention, never fear. Did Madame la Maréchale come to see you last evening?"

"Yes."

"Did you kiss her?"

"Certainly."

"On which cheek?"

"What has that—"

"Oh, that is very important, monsieur."

"Well, I kissed her on the forehead."

"Excellent. I am much obliged, and, by your leave, will call again, by-and-by."

About twelve o'clock, just as the marshal is sitting down to his *déjeuner*, the reporter returns.

"Do not put yourself out of the way, Monsieur le Maréchal, I beg. Go on, please, as though I were not here. I arrive in the middle of your *déjeuner*. I am sorry."

"Why so?"

"I intended to arrive at the beginning."

"In order to breakfast with me?"

"No; in order to know what you breakfasted on."

"All the dishes are still on the table.

"*Très-bien!* An omelet, stewed kidneys, asparagus. All prepared to your taste?"

"The omelet was a little overdone."

"Ah! And how is your appetite?"

"Who cares to know—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Maréchal, you have no idea how these particulars interest our readers. When, for example, we were able to give the bill of fare of Troppmann's dinner, we could safely increase our edition ten thousand."

"What are you doing now?"

"Making a sketch of your dining-room."

At about four o'clock P. M. the reporter calls again.

"How have you spent the time since I left you?"

"Walking in the garden."

"Alone?"

"No; with one of my aides-de-camp."

"Have you read the papers?"

"One only, *La Patrie*."

"I will make a hasty sketch of your garden, and return at seven o'clock for the bill of fare of your dinner."

At eleven o'clock the reporter, in spite of every obstacle, makes his way into the Marshal's sleeping apartment.

M. Bazaine sits up in bed to receive his visitor.

"Ah! how fortunate! I arrive just at the proper moment."

"Are you going to pester me long in this manner?"

"Until the day you are condemned."

M. Bazaine replies with a grimace.

"You will allow me to sit down in this chair," says the chronicler; "I will retire when you put out your candle. *En attendant*, I will make a sketch of your nightcap."

Were I the Marshal's judge, I would condemn him to pass the remainder of his life under the surveillance of the reporters.

What a punishment!—but how richly he has merited it! ADRIEN HUART.

☞ Young ladies with new diamond solitaire rings never refuse to play the piano.

THE BIRCH AND THE BROOK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

The tasseled birch is swaying
Its arms, and is whispering low,
It sees its image reflected
In the mirror of waves below,
And, sure the brook is replying
As shyly the wavelets recede,
Or is it the wind's low sighing
In the hollow cell of the reed?

And ever the trailing branches
Seem, with earnest persuasive speech,
Down the water's dimpled bosom,
The arms of a lover to reach;
Thrilled with a tumultous longing,
And a quivering restless glee,
From the fibre of every leaflet,
To the innermost heart of the tree.

How the sunbeams dance and sparkle
O'er the face of the happy stream,
Which bashfully, now is retreating,
Now leaps with a showery gleam,
As chiding the wing of the robin
Which scatters the silvery spray,
A moment the brook is pausing,
Then darts on its oceanward way.

Stoop low, I will tell you a secret,
You must guard it close in your heart,
The birds consent that the singer
In their knowledge shall have a part;
They fear not to trust you, O, Poet,—
Your kinsmen who sing in the grove,—
With a new and wonderful story,
The birch and the brook are in love!

Where did I hear they were lovers,
And how have I learned their speech?
Peer not, O questioning mortal,
Into things beyond your reach;
Haply, a fairy godmother
Has taught me the lore concealed,
And, perchance, the birds in springtime
The secret in song revealed.

The robins whisper it softly,
With a murmuring downcast look,
They are the friends of the willow,
Who has always worshipped the brook;
But the orioles and blackbirds,
The veriest tipplers in song,
Are shaking with tinkling laughter,
The leaves of the birches among.

Is your soul attuned with nature?
Is there power your heart to thrill
In the tones of forest and river,
The voices of valley and hill?
Then come with me to the meadow,
You shall hear what the lovers say,
Perchance, the words of the wooer
You will use as your own one day.

"Darling," the birch is whispering,
"I have never loved but you,
Trust in the vows I have plighted,
Forever my heart will be true;
List to the pitying breezes,
With passionate pleadings fraught,
And grant me the priceless answer
That my image thy soul has caught."

Listen a moment, O Poet,
In worldly wisdom profound,
In faith 'tis a weighty problem
That I here unto you propound—
Confess, if you know the reason
Why since Adam first tilled the ground,
That ever a spark of coquetry
In a maidenly heart was found.

The brook is merrily leaping,
Full well it knows it is fair,
And gives back a laughing answer
To the wooer pleading there:
"How shall I know you are faithful
Unless your words you can prove?
And only yestreen the willow
Said, over and over, 'I love.'"

The boughs, with a plaintive murmur,
The dancing ripples upbraid,
And the tremulous leaflets,
Now in sunshine, now in the shade,
'Till the heart of the brook relenting
Whispers timidly loving words,
So low, that only the suitor
Can hear and the listening birds.

Always, and always, and always,
It is, "Dearest, I love but thee."
What wonder the saucy blackbirds
Are bubbling over with glee!
But ever the tones of compassion
In the songs of the robins move,
It's ah, for the fate of the willow,
The birch and the brook are in love!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SKALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TREASURE FOUND.

The privateer did not meet with the immediate success that attended her first cruise. Unfavorable winds, encountered soon after she reached warmer waters, had driven her a considerable distance to the northward again, quite out of the track of the English traders. The gale at length abated, but thick weather lasted for several days, with not wind enough to fill the sails. This state of affairs began to be trying to the crew, but a change and action awaited them.

After a night of steady rain—a night of such darkness that lights could be seen only a short distance—a breezy morning dawned, and the clouds began to lift.

"Sail ho!" was the cry from the mast-head of the brig the moment it became light enough for the lookout to see. A vessel that may not have been out of cannon-shot of the privateer the whole night—the obscurity would have prevented her discovery—was descried, her course being about that of the brig.

Captain Arneton came on deck at once.

"What do you make her out?" he asked.

"A schooner, sir, with something of the look of a Baltimore clipper."

"An American then, and a fast sailer. We have not found a prize, but it may be well to speak her; 'twould be only a friendly act."

"She has discovered us, sir, and seems anxious to avoid us."

"That is strange. She has no reason to fear us. We are not mistaken for an English cruiser, certainly. We will show her our colors."

The United States flag was run up, but the stranger did not respond by showing hers.

Captain Arneton and his officers looked perplexed.

"She is not even civil," said he. "Why should she refuse to acknowledge our attention?"

"Perhaps a blank shot would have some effect upon her," suggested the first mate.

"She shall have it, and more too, unless she returns our notice," spoke Captain Arneton.

The lookout now called from the mast-head again:—

"She is crowding on all sail, and appears determined to leave us."

"Give her a shot across her bows," ordered the captain with decision.

The shot was fired, but the schooner kept doggedly on her course.

Thoroughly mystified by this strange behavior of a vessel that evidently belonged to his own country, Captain Arneton now determined to bring her to, if possible, and demand an explanation.

He directed the gunner to send a solid shot through the mainsail. It was done with ease, as the two vessels were not far apart. The sudden lifting of the fog had revealed their presence to each other, to the evident terror of the stranger.

"That was well done, Harris," cried Walter as with his glass he noted the full effect of the shot. "Give her another. She hopes to escape us, but her sailing qualities won't save her. No honest vessel would act as she does."

Brig and schooner were now wing and wing, and the chase grew exciting. Had the latter been out of reach of the former's guns she would undoubtedly have escaped, for her sailing powers surpassed those of the privateer, excellent as they were. But her unfortunate proximity to the brig at the first rendered it impossible that she should get away. She was already disabled.

Shot after shot tore through her rigging from the long Tom of her pursuer.

"The fools! why didn't she quietly show her colors, and let us speak her?" said Will Hammond. "Wouldn't that have been the end of the matter, captain?"

"It might have been at first, but I'll know more about her now. I've seen that vessel before, and I recognize her, disguised as she is, unless I mistake."

Will was about to inquire where, when suddenly from the peak of the schooner her flag was displayed.

"That is rather late action," remarked the captain; "and unless she heaves to we will pepper her further."

It needed only another shot to bring her to, for it was folly to further endeavor to escape.

The brig was also hove to, and preparations made to board the schooner.

"I don't like her looks," spoke Captain Arneton to his first mate. "Perhaps it would be well to lay the brig alongside of her, instead of getting out the boats."

"What, sir! board a trader in that manner!" exclaimed Matley in surprise.

"They mean to trick us, I think. That is no trader; a pirate rather. There's murder in her looks, Matley."

"Taking that view of the matter, it may be well to do as you suggest, sir."

The order to launch the boats was accordingly countermanded, and the privateer showed her intentions to place herself in a position for hostile boarding. This was accomplished to the new dismay of the stranger.

Headed by their captain, the crew of the Breeze poured over the sides of their vessel to the deck of the schooner. The true character of the latter was then discovered, for from behind bulwarks and boxes, and other objects that afforded concealment, sprung a score of armed men, whose fierce appearance denoted the buccaneer.

A brief but deadly struggle followed, and then the privateersmen were masters of the vessel. The captain of the schooner lay dead upon her deck, and with him eight of his men. Walter Arneton stooped to look into the face of the slain commander.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "'Tis as I thought! Surf Castleman's dead body lies before me!"

His words were true. The schooner was the Rift, her captain the diver—the treasure-seeker of Light-house Ledge.

Will Hammond, with two or three followers, had made his way into the cabin of the captured vessel.

Upon a couch at the further side lay a lovely female figure. Senseless, lifeless apparently she was. The young man approached, wondering who the lady could be, and if she were alive. A single glance he gave, and then an exclamation of the utmost surprise burst from his lips.

"God help me! 'Tis Amy Arneton!"

Amy Arneton, whom he thought safe in her Long Island home! His cry of amazement aroused her, and she looked wildly around. Her terrified glance rested upon the features of her rescuer.

"Oh, Will! is it you? Save me!" she cried, and fainted in his arms.

"My darling!" he murmured. "You are rescued; but how came you here? Call the captain," he directed to one of his companions. The men had been gazing in a stupor of amazement upon this strange scene.

Walter Arneton entered the cabin. Will Hammond pointed to the insensible form of Amy.

"Your sister!" he gasped.

"My God! can it be! But unharmed, I trust?"

"Yes, save that she has swooned."

"I understand all now. On deck, Will, lies the dead body of Surf Castleman. He had stolen Amy, and was bearing her away from her home forever. No wonder he desired to avoid us."

"Oh, most fortunate meeting of these vessels! Heaven be praised."

We need not relate all that followed. Amy revived, was removed to the cabin of the brig, and there related the story of her wrongs—her abduction, her transfer to the Rift, her terror and despair.

"The wicked Castleman declared that I should be his wife; that his home was in the tropics; and that there I should dwell with him. Oh, blissful escape from a dreadful fate!"

And she shudered as she spoke.

"You are safe now, dear sister," said Walter. "I did not dream of such villainy as this."

"Surf Castleman was capable of all evil. He robbed the wreck; he boasted of having obtained great treasure. It is on board his vessel. Have you found it?"

"We have found *one* treasure, Amy," said Will Hammond, fondly. "That satisfies me; I care for no other."

Amy blushed as she said:

"But the wicked diver spoke of gems and gold—of a casket containing treasure of great price."

"We will search for it; though I doubt its existence," said her brother.

Suffice it to say that the casket was found. More valuable than her first was this second prize of the privateer.

"*My* share of our captures is you, Amy," whispered Will Hammond to the lovely girl. "Do you not agree to that?"

And Amy could not object to such a claim.

In due time the Breeze reached port. Our friends on board were, as might be expected, eager to land. They knew their coming would relieve anxious hearts. They had much to make known, and much was waiting to be made known to them.

We will not picture the meetings and congratulations that followed their landing. One brief explanatory chapter and our story is done.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

The substance of the confession made by the dying Syndam Hale was as follows:

In his youth he had won the heart of Lucy Grandon—she whom we have known as Henry Soule. She was a beautiful, passionate girl, but his social inferior. He was proud, and though her profession brought her gold—she was an actress—and he loved money, he would not marry her. He betryed her love—and when he found she stood in the way of his union with another, he basely attempted her removal by murder. He believed he had succeeded in his purpose—but the wronged woman lived to wreak upon him a terrible revenge. He married the lady to obtain whose hand—and fortune, for that he also sought—he had not hesitated to commit a fearful crime! He lived happily with his wife—as happily as one bearing such a burden of guilt could live—until he began to feel the secret workings of his enemy's vengeance. He knew not that she lived—he ascribed his miseries to another source; but he was to know the truth at last.

The story of his life from the period of his marriage to that of his acquaintance with Auria Melford's father was substantially as he had related it to her. His wife died, his eldest boy was stolen from him, and his second son began to manifest symptoms of mental derangement. Sick of his native city, since it had been the scene of so much personal sorrow, he removed to New York, making no mention of his marriage, and suffering himself to be regarded by his associates as a bachelor. He did not correct this wrong impression until, as we have seen, it suited his purposes to throw aside the mask, announce himself a widower, and bring his son into his home. A wicked desire to obtain permanent control of the property of his ward induced him to do this. The temptation was great. Avarice was the strongest passion in his breast: love, paternal affection, all others, good or bad, had burnt out or had been smothered by the growth of this baneful desire to gain and hoard.

His son, now grown to manhood, was the mildest of lunatics. His insanity was of a periodical character, manifesting itself only at long and regular intervals.

This was the diabolical plot Syndam Hale had contrived against Auria Melford.

Bringing his son from the mad-house at the commencement of one of the latter's periods of sanity—which could always be anticipated—it was the faithless guardian's plan to entrap his ward into a marriage with the young man before his true condition could be discovered. In her defenceless and comparatively lonely situation the heiress, it was thought, could be thus ensnared, and the avaricious Hale would be made master of her estates.

The horror of Auria Melford, her lover and her friends at the revelation of this wickedness that was to be practiced against her may be imagined.

The plot did not, as we know, succeed; its final execution was not even attempted, for, with one more crime—the murder of Gilbert Dunnton, his long-lost son—added to the list of his evil deeds, death stopped the dark career of Syndam Hale.

But an important part of the miserable man's confession remains to be told—the portion that relates to Walter and Amy Arneton.

When the merchant first came to New York, Clermont, which afterward he made his home, was the residence of his sister, and *she* was the wife of Morton Lloyd. Morton Lloyd was the grandfather of Walter and Amy Arneton. Thus it was that the sister of Syndam Hale was the step-mother of Ellen Arneton—she who died in the cottage of John Manners that stormy winter night. This sister of Hale, ambitious, selfish, avaricious and evil like himself, had fostered the spirit of bitterness that her husband, Morton Lloyd, cherished against his daughter because of her marriage with Edwin Arneton. The step-mother of Ellen had a son to whom she wished the estates of her husband to descend.

On his death-bed, however, Morton Lloyd repented of his harshness and injustice toward his child, and desired to make restitution to her and her children. A will was made to this effect, but this after his death was not to be found. It had been seized by the unscrupulous step-mother for the reason stated.

Her triumph, and enjoyment of the property thus acquired, were, however, very brief. Her son died, and she soon followed him to the grave. In her last hours she did not undo the wrong she had done—the suddenness and severity of her illness prevented even had she been so inclined—and thus her brother, Syndam Hale, her sole surviving relative, inherited Clermont and the wealth that should have gone to the children of the wronged Ellen Arneton.

The merchant years afterward discovered the relationship of Walter Arneton to Morton Lloyd, and this explains his dislike of the young captain. He knew that Walter and his sister were the true heirs to much of the wealth he possessed.

But it was all right now. The whirligig of Time had brought about its revenges.

Walter and Amy Arneton were in possession of Clermont, their rightful inheritance. The clouds that shadowed their lives were gone. It was all very strange, almost incredible, to the young sailor and his sister, but they soon came to realize the joyful truth. The confession of the wicked Hale was full and plain, and though the statement read like a romance, it was the romance of fact.

We have little more to add. Walter and Auria were married, and Clermont became their home. The grand old mansion lost its gloomy look, and came to be one of the brightest and most tasteful on the island. Perhaps it was the purer and happier lives of its new occupants that assisted in making the change.

Good Mrs. Mount remained there, the faithful servant and companion of her young mistress.

Will Hammond and Amy Arneton were united in matrimony, and Lily also found a worthy mate for life.

Will abandoned the sea, succeeding his father as a shipping-merchant and adding to the large inheritance Mr. Hammond left him. Like their father, brother and sister studied the right use of wealth, and with their abundant means did a liberal work of charity and goodness.

Walter Arneton, though he married an heiress, and himself inherited large wealth, did not abandon his calling. He had the true sailor's spirit in him, and he loved the sea. He became distinguished as one of the most skillful and courteous captains of the Atlantic. He loved the sea, but he loved the shore as well, for a brighter, happier home than his stood not upon it.

John and Mary Manners lived to a good old age, and were never forgotten by their foster children.

As to Surf Castleman, nothing was ever revealed concerning his antecedents, but it was presumed that they were those of a free-booter. His schooner was pronounced a lawful prize, and the casket found on board was delivered with its contents to the company in whose employ the diver had been. They rewarded those who had been instrumental in its restoration very liberally.

Henry Hale lived many years, the gentlest and most harmless of lunatics. Ample provision for his support was made from his father's wealth, and the remainder in time went to the State. Walter and Amy received their rightful portion, and were careful to accept no more. They regarded it as unholy gain.

The old wreck still lies mouldering in the sea.

More successful as treasure seekers than Dunnton and Castleman were our friends; the former sought for gold alone, and found disappointment and death; the latter secured treasures of love and riches that took not wings.

THE END.

YOUNG.—A very finely-dressed lady, on whose face powder and wrinkles were desperately struggling for the mastery, got on the train at Norwalk, lately. The car being crowded, she was obliged to stand up. Seeing her, a young woman in an adjoining seat rose and offered the place. "But you will have to stand," said the first lady, edging toward the seat. "O, that's nothing," replied the other, "I am young." In the next instant the first lady was at the other end of the car, and didn't intimate to anybody to bring the seat along.

HOW ABOUT THAT RACE.—A Conshohocken young lady who "just doted on Longfellow," has lost all interest in his poems since he ran that race with Harry Bassett the other day. She says there is no accounting for the eccentric whims of some poets, but she *did* think Longfellow was too old, and had too much sense to make such a spectacle of himself! And to run against Harry Bassett—a man whose name has never appeared in the world of letters!" The Cambridge poet should rise to explain.—*Norristown Herald.*

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DAISY IN HER DILEMMA HAS A BRIGHT IDEA.

The abrupt, unexpected, emphatic, and even in its manner fierce assertion of Joyse Stoke respecting Gabrielle was so startling to those who heard it that the latter had actually disappeared before she was missed. But the daze lasted scarce a minute, and was broken by Colonel Waldron rushing out of the room.

Poor Daisy was now left alone with Joyse and Mr. Rokeby and Bertie, and was evidently very much distressed at her situation. She was, indeed, not only distressed, but bewildered.

To stay where she was appeared to her sense of propriety quite out of all possibility. Yet, where was she to go when she quitted the Rokeby mansion if not back to Jarrett's villa at St. John's-wood? With a feeling of desolation she answered herself—where, indeed?

Mr. Rokeby, however, was preparing to answer that question, though he did not know what was passing in her mind. Of course he saw that she was much agitated, and properly attributed part of her disquietude to the abominable insults which had been fastened upon her by Gabrielle and Colonel Waldron. Yet he thought he would be able to smoothe away that annoyance, and soften her wounded feelings, by placing her in such a position in his household as Gabrielle herself had never held.

He saw that he should have some little exercise in the art of persuasion, and that what he intended to urge could scarcely be advanced without occasioning her, and for the matter of that himself, some embarrassment if he attempted it before Joyse Stoke, or even Bertie.

He therefore said hastily to her, in a voice which would have removed from her any suspicion that she was not in a home if she chose to accept it—

"You are disturbed, excited, and perturbed, my dear young lady—my dear niece, I am sure I shall very shortly be able to call you—and we will leave you for a few moments to yourself, so that you may calm your disturbed mind. I have a proposition to make to you, or rather to repeat that which I have already made to you, and to furnish you with such arguments and reasons for your assent that you will be unable to withhold it. You will become the ward of Mrs. Rokeby from this hour until——"

She rose abruptly, and pressing her hands convulsively together, interrupted him by saying, almost with vehemence—

"Indeed, it is impossible! I cannot—I—"

He interposed in his turn, with a peremptory gesture—

"You must!" Then he added, in blander tones, "It is a duty; and when we have a duty to perform it is wrong to evade it, although it may be more pleasant to do so. What shall I say to you—say as kindly, as gently, as tenderly as I can? It is my solemn duty to act for you now. You really are not a free agent, and you must be guided by me in this matter. Mrs. Rokeby will be here in a few hours, and she will prove to you that, not only I in inducing you, but you in accepting it, have done quite right in placing yourself in our charge. Be calm, be reasonable, and mindful really of your own interests. In a few minutes I will return, and make my views so plain to you that all objection on your part shall vanish."

With an excited rapidity he hurried both Bertie and Joyse from the room without giving them an opportunity of saying a word to Daisy, and followed them himself, leaving her quite alone.

Daisy sat for a few moments with her face buried in her hands. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and with expanded orbs and an inspired expression on her beautiful features, she cried, softly, and almost joyously to herself—

"The Grange! Where could have been my wits? I will make my way down there at once—it will not be so difficult to find it. There I shall be at home, free to wander where I please—to ride where I will, as I used to do, with none to check me, to trouble me, and pain me with cruel words. There I shall be alone—quite, quite alone—and no one will think of seeking me there. Not even Mark Jarrett—not even Mr. Wil Rokeby! O Wil, Wil, why are you so dear—so very dear—to me?"

She pressed her hands for a moment to her eyes, then she withdrew them, and timidly approaching the door, opened it, and peeped into the corridor. A young housemaid was tripping tiptoe along the carpeted passage, and Daisy hastily beckoned to her. She advanced briskly, yet respectfully, and Daisy, slipping some money into her hand, said, softly—

"Be good enough to show me out."

"Certainly, miss," replied the girl, accepting the fee, and dropping a courtesy by way of reward. "Principal or private entrance, if you please, miss?"

"Private," responded Daisy, immediately.

The girl moved forward with a nimble step, and Daisy followed closely.

Within five minutes she was in the busy thoroughfare, flying along it like a bird that had just escaped from its cage.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MARK JARRETT RECEIVES A COMMUNICATION WHICH DAZES HIM.

When a vigorous, close, and uninterrupted search from roof to basement had convinced, not only Mark Jarrett, but Meggy Blythedale—and she was very hard to be persuaded even by demonstration—that Daisy was not in the house, hidden in a nook, or secreted in a cranny, there was a consternation in Mark's household.

He was credited by every one within it with a hasty, irritable, passionate temper; but even Martin Stoke was unprepared for the ungovernable paroxysm of fury to which he yielded himself up. Every man but two in the establishment who could ride a horse was despatched in search of Daisy, and the two reserved were sent in quest of Abel Stoke, who, Mark felt sure after what had passed, and what he had threatened, had followed Daisy when she quitted the house, and meant some desperate mischief.

He stamped, he raved, he howled, and swore tempestuously—threatened torturing murder as the least punishment to any one who injured her, proffered a fortune to whoever would restore her to him.

"My little flower—my budding blossom of crimson and snow—my pride—my Daisy—my child!" he gasped, with a spasmodic quivering of the breath. "My God, I little thought how closely she had twined herself about my heart—what a nest she had made in my very soul!"

"You should ha' thought o' that afore!" literally cried Meggy, for scalding tears were racing each other down her cheeks, while she flung on her mantle, and tied her bonnet as if she would break every string and fastening. "You should ha' showed her your love and affection in a father-like way—not as if she had been a slave, an' you the beast of a master. You've been an' done it all yourself. You've driven her from home—home, God help her, poor chick, you might call it her home, I don't—you've made her trust herself to the mercy of heaven rather than yourn, an' now you're molrowing like a cat on the housetops because what you ought to have expected long ago has happened."

"Leave me, you chattering, jabbering scold!" he shouted, furiously. Go away and find your young mistress, or come back here no more."

"I don't mean to!" screamed Meggy, sobbing at the same time. "Shouldn't come back to you out of a sneaking fondness for you—not much. Sooner have one o' little bit Tib's tiny boots than your whole body. Won't come back—to—nobody—if I—don't find—Miss Dai—sy anywheres. I won't—that—I—won't. I'll chuck—I—I—I'seself—in—a—duck—pond—first. Oh—oh—my—poor—chick—my—poor—child—you'll—be—sna—sna—snapped—up—like—a pooty fly—by a ugly jack—in—this—awful—wicked—place—afore—"

"Be off with you, you infernal squaw! You are driving me frantic!" thundered Mark Jarrett, almost dancing with rage and excitement. "Away with you—find her, or I'll murder—you—myself! Oh, my lost child—my Daisy—my Daisy! Oh! oh! oh!"

And this strange, harsh, stern, obdurate man sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands, bright, hot, glittering tears forcing their way through the interstices between the fingers.

Meggy looked at him with unequivocal astonishment. Then she gathered her cloak about her, and ran off with an abrupt dash, crying—

"I'll bring her back safe and sound, or I'll never show my face here alive—never—never—never!"

But the horsemen all returned, and Meggy did not. The mounted searchers came back without having discovered a clue to Daisy or to Abel Stoke, and even old Martin presented himself—having been specially employed on the service—without any tidings of his grandson.

Worn and wearied as the old man looked, and really earnest as he had been in his endeavors, Mark Jarrett attacked him in a whirlwind of fury, battered him with hard names, and dismissed him to renew his search for his relative, whom he characterized with the most opprobrious epithets.

The old man gravely, and with a broken spirit, submitted that he did not deserve this contempt; but Mark Jarrett refused to listen to a word.

"I have lost my bird—my dove—my rosebud—my Daisy—my child, as you know her to be, Martin. With her I have lost my brain—my eyesight—my speech—my heart—my soul! Oh, God! Oh, God! I knew not how dear to me she was until she fled—fled—fled—hell and all its surroundings!—because she would not be subjected to the outrageous indignity of that low-bred hound's declaration of— Ha! ha! Oh that I had him here within my grip! I would squeeze the life out of him—as I will out of you if you do not bring him back to me, that I may draw his claws in my way, and render him for ever powerless to commit such another shameful insult. Go, and beware of me if you return empty-handed!"

The old man, however, did not budge; but he folded his arms, and said, between his compressed, almost toothless, gums,

"I have been a faithful servant to you many a long year. I clung to you when your father thrust you from his door with a curse, and made his gamekeepers drive you off his estate with whips. I did your foul bidding and yet fouler work for you for years. I trampled on the peace of others, and broke hearts to satisfy your fiendish desire for malice. I have kept your secret as safe as the life pulse of my heart, when if I had blabbed it your life or your liberty wouldn't ha' been worth five minutes' buying. I've borne with you more patiently, more enduringly, than a span'el—for a dog ain't no mind an' I have—and I've borne with you pretty much on account o' Miss Daisy. You don't love her mor'n I. You can't, for she bain't your child mor'n mine."

"You lying old toothless hound," he interrupted, wrathfully, "she is my child, my daughter, by the heartless wretch who fled from me—and you know it well, as who should know it better?"

"Ha," replied old Martin, with a silent laugh, "who, in troth? Ay, surely who? I *do* know, and I'll prove it to your conviction before long—prove it, Mr. Guy, when you stands up in court to claim the earldom, never fear. I goes away now, as you have bidden me, and when I do come back, be thou sure as thee dost stand there I do not come back empty-handed."

"Bring Abel Stoke to me, or—" he paused as if choking. "You know, old man, when my hottest blood is seething in my veins how I serve those who offend me. Go! Remember and beware!"

"I go!" replied the old man, with a hard, savage expression on his face as he turned away, muttering to himself, "And beware of me, too! It is time at last for the old worm to turn. There comes a pinch o' the heel sooner or later which cannot be borne, an' I ha' gotten my pinch."

The next day and the next, and still no Daisy. All the scouts employed by Mark Jarrett were unable to discover the least trace of her, and old Martin Stoke did not reappear, nor Abel Stoke, nor Meggy; nor was there a single word or token from Daisy, any more than if she were buried under an avalanche, or down in the lowest depths of a great ocean.

But, quite unexpectedly, and beyond—indeed, out of all calculation, tidings of Daisy were brought to him from a source he had never dreamed of, and that she had taken refuge in a harbor the very last he would have speculated upon.

It was not alone that his people searched, but he himself hunted in all directions, and even engaged the wonderful penetrators of Scotland-yard to assist. At the same time, he had to devote no inconsiderable portion of the day to Messrs. Tatchmax, Lowe, and Maxtatch, who were his lawyers, engaged in the prosecution of a claim to a title and vast properties which he had set up. It was on leaving their chambers one afternoon that he was accosted by a gentleman, who said, rather abruptly, as he placed himself before him—

"I believe I am addressing Mark Jarrett?"

Mark eyed him closely. The stranger's features were not absolutely unrecognized by him, but he could not remember the name of him to whom they belonged.

"You have the privilege of naming me," he said, slowly and dryly. "I cannot assert a similar advantage so far as you are concerned."

"I am Colonel Waldron," was the reply.

Mark Jarrett started, and contracting his brows, retorted—

"Oh, the name is familiar to me—exceedingly familiar—almost as much as the Rokebys. You are their attendant sprite, I believe. It would scarce be pleasant, I presume, if I were truthful, and added jackal."

"I am an officer and a gentleman," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up.

"The terms are not always synonymous," sneered Mark Jarrett.

"In my case they are," replied the colonel, haughtily. "I am as ready to resent as to conciliate." Then, altering his tone, he added, "I am desirous to conciliate. I fancy I may be of some service to you in a certain matter, and I am willing to be, but not if my advances are to be met with rudeness and sneers."

"Certain matter!" iterated Mark Jarrett, regarding his "advances" with scarcely disguised suspicion. "What is the certain matter?"

"If you respond affirmatively to a question I am about to put to you, my business with you is at an end," he answered, with a peculiar manner that struck Mark rather forcibly. "If in the negative, I shall request a few minutes with you in private."

"I am listening," exclaimed Mark, impatiently, as the colonel paused. "Go on!"

"I am about to refer to the young damsel with such decided personal attractions, known by the pretty and familiar appellative of your Daisy!" rejoined the colonel, beginning to adopt a rather inflated tone.

Mark Jarrett caught him by the wrist, and gripped him so hard that, but for his manhood, he would have cried out with pain.

"What of her?" he exclaimed, laconically, and with such a remarkable expression—half ferocious, half wildly solicitous—that the colonel let drop his inflation as if it had slipped down a well.

"I had an interview with her recently," he replied, a little evasively.

"When?" demanded Mark, in the same semi-turbulent way.

"Oh—well—about—" rambled the colonel, as if trying to recollect.

"When?" thundered Mark, impetuously. "A year—six months—a month—a week—a day? When, man?"

"Not quite a week—say four or five days back," replied the colonel, with a marvellously quickened memory.

"And where—where—where? Is the idiot dazed—deaf—dumb? Tell me where," half yelled Mark, in a frenzied way, tightening his grip.

The colonel pushed him off angrily.

"Do not address me in that fashion, Mr. Mark Jarrett," he exclaimed, petulantly. "I must be treated as a gentleman if I am to impart the information you are seeking."

Mark Jarrett stamped his foot passionately.

"You cannot guess the torture you are inflicting upon me," he cried, excitedly. "Where did you see her? At least answer me that."

"At the residence of Mr. Rokeby, of Fairholme Priors," returned the colonel, slowly, not a little amazed at the extravagance of Mark's manner, having heard that he was a cold, crafty, circumspect, calculating individual, who listened well and spoke little.

He was unprepared as well for the hoarse, whistling gasp with which Mark received this communication, or the almost awful expression which he saw distorting his features. For a moment he expected to see him fall to the ground in a convulsive fit, and almost stretched out his hands to catch him.

But Mark pressed his closed hands on his chest, beat it violently three or four times as though he would break in its walls, and then making an effort, he said, huskily—

"She is there now—now—at Fairholme, with the brazen beauty, Mrs. Rokeby, and her gawky son. O but I will be so sweetly revenged."

"Lookye, Mr. Mark Jarrett," responded the colonel, again attempting a cold, stern manner. "I apprehend by your manner that this precious wild flower—this hedge plant—"

"Hold!" cried Mark, with gleaming eyes, "I will shoot any man who utters one derogatory word against my Daisy—my Daisy! I have horsewhipped a lout again and again for looking disrespectfully at her. Do you apply that intimation—"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders, and with a slightly perceptible covert sneer resumed—

"Your *protégée* I will say, if more agreeable to you. She is not with the Rokebys, I presume, with your sanction?"

Mark Jarrett clenched his hands and teeth, and murmured, gutturally—

"She is at Fairholme Priors, you say?"

"I do not say that," denied the colonel, quickly. "Nor do I purpose saying where she is, or what transpired at the interview at which I was present, until you give me the opportunity of speaking with you in privacy, and alone."

"At my house, and at once, if you will," exclaimed Mark, readily.

The colonel assented.

Mark raised his hand, and a smart groom, in charge of a light mail phaeton, drove up to the curb near which they were standing instantly.

Mark motioned the colonel to occupy the box seat, and taking the reins, sprang up himself to the coachman's place, and drove off at a tremendous pace. The colonel was not a little gratified to find himself at Mark Jarrett's villa with his brains in his skull, and not a bone broken or a limb grazed.

Within a few seconds he was ushered by Mark into his study, and closing the door and locking it, he threw the key on the table.

"We are alone now," he said, in a sharp, decisive tone. "You have a bargain to make—what is it? Speak out; there is no need to mince matters with me. I am no angel—you are not one; as a rule few men are. Speak unreservedly, and come to the point at once."

The colonel, like all treacherous, time-serving men, did not understand going direct to his point, but began at first to fence with it.

Mark Jarrett, however, cut him short.

"You have cut the string which tied you to Rokeby," he interrupted, sharply, "you have quarrelled. When rogues fall out honest men come by their own. That is the old saw. You are now at enmity with Rokeby—you know me to be his foe—you have come to make a proposition to me. Out with it!"

"Shall I tell you as a startling beginning that Mr. Rokeby—Alvanley Rokeby, and your persistent persecutor—has conceived the bright idea that your Daisy—whose origin, of course, you know better than any else, is the only surviving grandchild of the late Earl of Templecombe," returned the colonel, with marked emphasis.

"Well, sir?" demanded Mark, calmly and sternly, as the colonel paused to see what effect his communication would have.

"Well!" repeated the colonel, elevating his eyebrows. "You know, of course, each not to be the case, while I know as a certainty that the young lady living yet with Rokeby is the only daughter of the Luttrell who, if he had lived, would have been the heir!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mark Jarrett, with a sarcastic smile. "You allude to that blonde, mincing icicle, known as Gabrielle Luttrell. Bah! She is no more a Luttrell than you are."

"But I am in a condition to prove that she is the child who was substituted for the one supposed to have been sent—"

"By me to Rokeby."

"So I have lately heard; but the child thus sent was changed in its transit, and another substituted for it. The child you sent was the daughter of the woman Joyse Stoke, but as I said, another was substituted for it, and the one brought to you with a special pedigree attached to it was Joyse Stoke's child, and is the young person whom you have brought up as your Daisy."

Mark Jarrett rubbed his temples and forehead with his hot hands.

"You mystify me," he exclaimed, pacing the room. "Joyse Stoke's child was a boy."

"No, unquestionably not," cried the colonel, with peremptory emphasis. "It was the female child of which I have just spoken?"

"Whom I reared?"

"Exactly. And made so marvellous a horsewoman."

"My Daisy?"

"Yes."

Mark Jarrett walked to the window. A bright scarlet hand burned on his forehead, but he was evidently having a severe struggle with his impulses.

"I will not cut his throat yet. No, not yet, not yet," he muttered, breathing hard through his nostrils, and grating his teeth together.

He evidently obtained a control over his passion, for he presently returned to the colonel, and said, rather harshly—

"You have certainly given to me a piece of information quite new to me—seemingly on the very best authority. Probably you are in an equally good position to give me another bit which I require."

"If I can I will," returned the colonel, promptly.

"Oh, you can, I have no doubt. You speak so positively and appear to be in so remarkable a situation, to speak dogmatically," he rejoined, sarcastically. "You assert that the child sent by me to Alvanley Rokeby was changed."

"It was."

"And another female infant substituted for it?"

"Exactly."

"That was done for a motive, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What was that motive?"

"I beg for the present to be excused answering that question."

"You say the child was a Luttrell. A Luttrell, man—the child of what Luttrell?" Mark demanded, contemptuously."

"Of Guy Luttrell," returned the colonel, almost eagerly.

Mark Jarrett stared at him speechlessly.

"It has been reported that his brother, Gray Luttrell, had twins," pursued the colonel, quickly, "and it was true. But when their mother deserted them, they were left to the tender care of a poor and wretched cottager; and some one said they were stolen by gypsies, but the woman herself declared that they died."

"Is she living?" cried Mark Jarrett, as if waking out of a dream?"

"She is," returned the colonel, readily, "and is prepared with a certificate of their death and burial."

"Can you take me to her?" he asked, eagerly.

"But I want to interest you in Gabrielle Luttrell."

"Tush, man!" cried Mark Jarrett, impatiently. "You have got hold of a story of a cock and a bull. *I* AM GUY LUTTRELL!"

Colonel Waldron started back utterly astounded, and for a minute or so remained motionless. At length he said, with even pained excitement,

"Can you prove it to me—swear it to me—substantiate beyond question, that you are Guy Luttrell, long supposed to have been dead, slain by his brother?"

"I have done it—my lawyers have established my identity," returned Mark Jarrett, almost scornfully.

"You married a young lady named Cecile Maria, the daughter of Lord Mountcastle?"

"D—— her!" growled Mark Jarrett, with the ferocity of a tiger.

"I am in position to prove that her daughter, and I therefore suppose yours, is that same Gabrielle Luttrell who has from her infancy been brought up by Alvanley Rokeby as his niece," cried the colonel, impetuously. "She who is betrothed by a contract of the most stringent conditions to marry his son, and—"

"You drive me frantic, man," interrupted Mark Jarrett, with the aspect of a lunatic. "I will to Rokeby's at once. I will curb with an iron hand my hatred of the scoundrel; but I will sift this matter to the very bottom. I shall see this Gabrielle there—my Daisy there—my—my Daisy no longer. I'll not believe it! Come on, man! You have gone too far to retract now."

He unlocked the door, and flung it open.

"Come on! We will probe this affair to the core. Come on!"

Colonel Waldron drew back reluctantly.

"I cannot go to Rokeby's at present," he demurred, "I have some matters—"

"Come on!" shouted Mark Jarrett, furiously. "I am Guy Luttrell, with my old leaven still strong within me. Men said you had better struggle with the devil on the very brink of his fiery home, than thwart and defy Guy Luttrell. See how bright the scarlet band is on my brow. Come on!"

With that he fastened upon his collar, and dragged him violently from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She stood in the garden among her flowers, with the sunshine all about her, and John Ashleith stood in the doorway and watched her with a curious expression on his face.

She was a petite, charming creature, with hair a perfect cloud of black curls about her head. Her eyes were full of sparkles, like water in shadowy places, and her voice and laugh were full of a child's light-heartedness.

John Ashleith's years were double hers. He was a man whom study had made sober and thoughtful in early manhood. He had a brave, strong face, with a strange gentleness in it now, as he stood and watched his ward, at work among her flowers.

"She will grow into a beautiful woman," he said to himself. "A very beautiful woman, and some one will be robbing me of her one of these days, I suppose."

He sighed a little as he spoke, and the thoughtful look upon his face grew deeper.

"Unless—" and then he stopped and looked away to the mountains which lifted their purple peaks above the horizon, and seemed reaching toward the far-blue distances of heaven. John Ashleith looked always at the mountains when he thought deeply. They seemed like friends to him, and some way they made him feel stronger and braver, and they helped him because he loved them.

The girl in the garden began to sing, her voice was clear as any bird's, and the still morning air rang with its melody.

John Ashleith left off his thoughts to listen.

A bird perched on one of the great lilac bushes by the gate, hidden among the odorous waves of bloom, began a song in pure rivalry. It seemed as if he would split his slender throat in his attempt to out-warble the singer in the garden.

She listened a moment, and then began to sing again; she trilled and ran up and down the waves of melody in flights and dips of sound that made him think of a bird's flitting in mid-air. He smiled at the picture of the girl with her hands full of flowers, her head thrown back, her hair all a flutter about her rose-flushed face, as utterly unconscious of everything but her song and her rival, as a child could have been.

"Bravo!" he cried, clapping his hands as her voice died into silence, and the bird flew up from the lilac bush, and away into the blue overhead. "You have put your rival to flight."

"Why John!" She turned about so suddenly that she dropped her flowers.

"I didn't know any one was hearing me," she said, when she saw him. "I think I would make quite a prima donna, don't you? I've been learning a song from an opera, and I like it ever so much. Listen."

She stood there under the tree by the door, and sang "Then you'll remember me." Looking back, years after, John Ashleith could see the scene as plainly as on that summer morning.

"I think you could make a fortune by your voice," he said, when the song was ended. "But I don't want you to even try."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to lose you," he answered.

"Oh, you'll never be fortunate enough to get rid of me," she laughed. "I'm going to stay with you always."

"You'll get over that idea," he said, striving to appear as gay as she was, but failing to hide an undercurrent of seriousness. "Some young man will come along, and the first thing I know you'll be getting an orange blossom wreath ready."

"As if I ever intended to marry any one but you!" she cried. "Haven't I told you time and again that I was going to marry you?"

"Yes, I know," he said, "but young women change their mind so often, you see, that we poor men don't know how much dependence to put in what they tell us."

"Men never change, I suppose," laughed Stacia. "Ah no. They say what they mean, and stick to it ever afterward."

"I don't think men change as women do," he said. "There are fickle men, of course, as well as fickle women, but most men are steadfast."

"So am I, when I say that I am going to marry you," she said.

"Will you always be of the same opinion?" he asked.

"Of course," she said, lightly.

"It is a compact, then," he answered. "I'll wait for you to grow up into a dignified young woman, and then we'll be married—"

"And live happy ever after," added Stacia.

"Just so," answered John, wishing he could be sure that she was as earnest in the matter as he was.

"You ought to kiss me," she said, lifting her laughing eyes to his face. "I thought men always kissed the woman they loved, when they were betrothed."

"I don't know how that is, having never had any experience before, but I'll do as you think proper," and John Ashleith bent down and kissed her tenderly, earnestly, saying—

"God bless you, and don't forget!"

She looked up in sudden wonderment. Was he really in earnest? He seemed to be.

A month after that John Ashleith came home bringing news to Stacia.

His sister was going to Europe, and would be gone four years. He had made arrangements for her to accompany Mrs. Gifford in her tour.

"It will be the best education for you in the world," he said.

Of course Stacia was delighted with the idea. Travel was her delight.

"But you will be lonesome," she said.

"Yes, I expect to be," he answered. "But if I can be sure of your coming back to me, after the four years are ended, I shall manage to get along pretty well."

"Why, where else should I go?" asked Stacia.

"Nowhere, I think," he said, smiling into her eyes. "I hope you will never want to go anywhere else."

One September day she sailed. He stayed with her till the last moment.

"Good-bye, John," she said, kissing him without the least attempt at concealment.

"Good-bye," he said, holding her hand, "you won't forget?"

"Forget what?" she asked, wonderingly.

"That I shall expect you to come back to me," he answered. "You're to be my little wife you know?"

"That! oh no I won't forget. Only I'm afraid you'll change your mind long before I come home, and some one else will be Mrs. Ashleith.

"You needn't trouble yourself any about that," he said. "But I must go—and so, good bye."

The years passed.

To John Ashleith they were long enough. He found himself counting over the slow months, more than once, that must elapse before they were ended.

And he found himself thinking, many times, of the new phase life would wear when Stacia came back to him. A girl no longer, but a woman; a beautiful stately woman, he knew, for his sister wrote that her womanhood fulfilled the promise of her earlier years.

He wondered if she would be ready to keep her word, and be his wife? Somehow the idea of her caring for any one else had faded from his mind. He hardly gave it a thought. Her letters were the same glad, light-hearted letters they were at first. From them he could detect no change in her life. So he came to think of her as his, and he was happy in the belief that the woman he loved was the woman who loved him.

He fitted out Elmwood anew. He had the rooms brightened up and furnished in the best of taste for the coming of Stacia.

Her room he superintended himself. He selected the soft, rich carpet of brown with the yellow leaves and black and scarlet berries dropped here and there over it as though Stacia herself had scattered them there. He chose the curtains for the windows, of amber satin under frosty lace. He bought rare pictures to hang upon the walls, and between the windows he hung one which he had painted to order by one of the best artists in the city. A girl, in a garden, full of flowers, singing. The girl's face was the face of Stacia. He had a photograph of her taken at that time of life. The picture was a complete success, and he fancied her surprise and pleasure when she saw it.

As the time drew near for her return he thought only of her. A feverish restlessness seized him. He thought the days grew longer all the time. Never had time seemed so long and slow.

"To-morrow!" he cried, the day before they were expected. "To-morrow I shall see my little wife!"

He went down to the city to meet them. He was at the wharf long before the vessel sailed into the bay. It seemed to him that the wheels of time had clogged, and come to a stand still.

At last the boat touched shore, and full of the unrest and eagerness which possessed him, he rushed on board.

He met the woman he loved coming on deck.

She was wonderfully beautiful. His heart leaped with exultation.

"Mine, all mine!" he whispered to himself as he held out his hands to her, his face radiant with delight.

"Stacia, my darling!" he cried. "Welcome home!"

She put her hands in his, and he kissed her.

"The four years have been terribly long," he said, "but this moment blots them out. You didn't forget, did you?" looking into her face with tenderness written on every feature.

Her eyes wavered and fell. A soft carnation suffused her beautiful face.

John Ashleith grew pale as death.

"I—I am afraid you were right about women when you accused them of changing their mind so often," she said. "But then, I knew you wouldn't take me if I wanted you to, you see."

She did not see his face as he listened.

Men have worn such a look as was on his features then, when they saw a dear one die. The sweetest hope of life was that moment dying in his heart.

Silently he drew her arm in his and they stepped ashore. He was hardly thinking of her; of his *dead*, rather.

And that was the end of his hoping and dreaming. He might have known how it would be, he told himself. But, for all that the loss was just as heavy.

He will never forget; men like him never do. The picture of a girl in a flower-bright garden is in his heart, and will always stay there, for the girl is the girl he loved. And looking at that picture, sometimes, he sees the girl's lips quiver in song, and hears her sweet voice sing—

"Then you'll remember me!"

as if he could forget.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The science of sorrow—Sigh-chology.

☞ A youthful warrior—A baby in arms.

☞ Something to boot—An impertinent dun.

☞ An Indiana town has the following ordinance: "Dogs that are not collared and labelled, no matter how respectably connected, will have their narratives amputated one inch south of their ears."

☞ A Fall River reporter says that "vegetation screams with delight" since the late rains.

☞ Georgia girls use none but religious papers for their Sunday bustles.

☞ A Detroit ferry boat passes free all citizens over ninety.

☞ A man wearing three gorgeous breastpins, but no stockings, recently attracted attention in Danbury, Connecticut.

☞ A rhinoceros escaped from a menagerie in Vermont recently, and gave the farmers a free show by wandering through their meadows.

☞ At Bloomington, Illinois, the home of Judge Davis, the liquor law is dodged by these placards over the saloons: "Admittance ten cents, drinks free."

☞ If you have many creditors always carry an umbrella and walk on the sunny side of the street.

☞ A gentleman whose wife recently presented him with twin sons, has been complaining of sun stroke.

☞ A gentleman who had been arguing with an ignoramus until his patience was exhausted, said he didn't wish to see him dead, but he would be glad to see him know more.

☞ The Freeport Journal says "pairs are abundant at that place, the front gates are loaded down with them on fine evenings."

☞ One of our bachelor readers supposes a lady's bridal day is that on which she first takes the rein.

☞ What is the difference between an unmarried and a married lady? One is a miss, and the other a miss-is.

☞ In Pennsylvania 243,380,332 copies of daily and weekly newspapers are printed annually.

☞ A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in everything." What was his age? XL.

☞ The death warrant read to culprits on the gallows in New Jersey covers eleven pages, and the performance usually takes place in the hottest part of the day. As the sheriffs have to "spell out" all the hard words, the operation is rather tedious to the gentleman waiting to be hung.

☞ The inhabitants of Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, have torn up the rails of the new Central Railroad, declaring that the locomotive is the creature of the devil. The mob are said to have been incited to this act of violence by fanatical clergymen.

☞ There is nothing like a good definition, as the teacher thought when he explained the meaning of "old maid," as a woman who had been made a very long time.

☞ A certain miss unguardedly volunteered the remark in the family circle, that "when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their moustaches and makes them scratchy." Her father is curious to know how she found it out.

☞ In Mississippi, when an editor goes abroad for a few days' pleasure, he apologizes to his readers the next week in this way:—"Our editor has been visited with those plagues, the chills, which not unfrequently in Mississippi shake a man up like mixed drinks are shook. In consequence of these aforesaid chills no editorials and but few locals appear."

☞ While William Shakespeare, of Kalamazoo, indulged in poetic slumbers, some boys burnt his barn down; but as it was fully insured, he considered it "much ado about nothing."

☞ A flash of lightning in Kentucky lately killed two men and "badly shocked" a small boy half a mile away. He must have been a "shocking bad" boy.

☞ A gentleman was introduced to a young lady recently, and addressed her as follows:—"Where do you live when you are at home?" to which she promptly replied, "When I am at home I live there."

☞ Something of the grandeur of the "boundless prairie," something of its fierce heat when the "fire fiend" envelopes it, is to be discovered in the rhetoric of the Western editor as he goes for the enemy who has trifled with his forbearance, and defied the lightning of his wrath. Illustration—"The flannel-mouthed poll-parrot of the *Pawk Scavenger* has too long roosted in the shadow of our good nature. Let him beware. Forbearance is no longer a virtue. We shall set his dainty plumage scurrying on the four winds of heaven, and give his bloated carcass to the vultures."

☞ It is said that a man named John Hole is so lazy that, in writing his name he simply uses the letter J, and then punches a hole through the paper.

☞ "Who's there?" cried Robinson, one cold winter's night, disturbed from his rest by some one knocking at his door.

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Queer taste of yours, ain't it? but stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

☞ A story is told of an editor who died, went to heaven, and was denied admittance, lest he should meet some delinquent subscriber, and bad feelings would be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the celestial city, and was met by the watchman, at the portals, with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken, you can enter; there are no delinquent subscribers in heaven."

☞ A Western lawyer was accused of being the owner of a dog which had attacked a testy old gentleman, and bitten him in the calf of the leg. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defence: 1st, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I can prove that nothing would make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a calf; 2d, he is blind and cannot see to bite; 3d, even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his age, fatness and severe lameness; 4th, granting his eyes and legs to be good, he had no teeth; 5th, my dog died six weeks since: 6th, I never had a dog.

☞ FRENCH EXECUTIONS.—The French journals give an account of the recent execution in Paris of a criminal by a guillotine on a new model. In the improved machine there is no platform, and the posts rise directly from the ground. The blade of the knife is black, so as not to dazzle the eye in its descent. By means of this arrangement all the apparatus of execution is on a low level, and the criminal is not obliged to mount three or four steps. The spectacle can, therefore, only be seen by very few of the crowd that usually assembles. On the occasion mentioned, the criminal was notified of his approaching doom at half-past four in the morning, and at five o'clock he was executed.

BEARING THE CROSS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

No, she never was married, but was to have been—
At the time she was running the loom—
But the factory burnt down, some were maimed and
scarred—
And her lover was never her groom,
As he wedded a handsomer girl.

To the strangers old Rachel was ugly indeed,
For her features were grim and distorted:
Though in years long gone by, she was lovely and
fair
As the hopes of her life that were thwarted
By the dreadful mishap in the mill.

But beneath the plain calico gown that she wore
Beat a heart that was loving and tender—
As the villagers know—and man, woman, or child
'Gainst the merest rude speech would defend her,
So well was the poor woman loved.

And right many's the maid, who bewailing her woe,
Has told Rachel the slight that distressed her,
Only soon to trip on with a happier look,
While the silly grave inwardly blest her
For her comforting words and advice.

Then orchids have gone to her covered with mud,
Afraid to go home—perhaps crying—
But old Rachel (the comely) washed out the stains,
And they ran good while their garments were drying
In the yard at the back of her cot.

When the villagers slept, and the cricket, and owl,
And the rustling of leaves were unheeded,
To the room of the sick by the flickering light
Was she seen, when her presence was needed,
While her gaunt shadow danced on the wall.

And the outcasts who begged at her door for a crust,
Ere they went on their wearisome ways,
Even that one thought them human and pitied their
fate,
Who recalled the remembrance of earlier days,
And who reckoned them not by their rags.

But the weight of her grief, which was never revealed,
Save to Jesus—the friend of the lowly—
Bore her down—and the sands of her desolate life,
Which for years had been ebbing out slowly,
Ceased to run—and her spirit was freed.

When the villagers stood at the side of her grave,
When the gray-headed preacher's voice faltered,
When the tears trickled down the bronzed cheeks of the men—
(But her homely memory fresh and unaltered
As when, happy, she worked in the mill.

A YARD OF FLANNEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not a very romantic title, and yet a great deal came of that same strip of white flannel at forty cents a yard.

We were spending the summer at Lake George, that is, Elizabeth and I with the MacDonald's.

I am Aurora Brook and Thornton, and we were poor, so the whole family could not take flight at once from the city, where certain economies may be practised that do not look well in a hotel. We had exhausted picnics and mountain tramps; we had broken our bows, and shot away our arrows, and all the curiosities of the place we knew by heart, so the boys, fresh from college, declared they could have a boat-race, and there was as much excitement over that event as when the Harvards went across to meet the Oxfords. For a few days they were kept out of mischief by constant training, and an enthusiastic desire to look professional made them relinquish many personal adornments.

Each boat was to be decorated with a different flag, so men stood idly by and gave directions as to the brilliancy of color, and particular size, while their slaves cut and altered, pondered over the correct width for the judges stand, and the right shade for the starter's point.

I had foolishly let a boy cut out some white stripes, and of course he had spoiled them.

He said, "It was no loss any way, girls wore white cravats now, and those pieces would just do. Keep them warm."

He offered to go for more, but knowing he would bring scarlet, I started, taking only Spot with me; he being considered protection enough against an army. It was a lovely August afternoon; a fresh breeze was blowing in from the lake, and the road to the village wound by its side. The beautiful islands that look peaceful and dreamy enough for Lotus Land, were lapped by the waves that dashed upon them with a measured rise and fall. Across the lake the hills come down to the water's edge, and seen in the haze of the afternoon they were purple.

Spot sometimes rushed after a quick, brown squirrel; he made dashes at water-rats—and once he bounded in the middle of a flock of chickens and hens, who were discussing the news of the day.

At last we drew near the village, called such by courtesy; three or four tumbly-down houses, supported by lank-looking men, who leaned in the doorways to keep them from falling.

"My dog and I," were well known; the one store had been bought out, over and over again, by "them city folks," and they were wakened into something like surprise when they saw me walk through the village street alone. We generally hunted in couples, and always in boats. We never walked unless we were death on exercise, as the Enthusiast said.

It was the custom to spend an hour or two in Green's; we had to hear all the gossip, and then undergo a strict cross-examination about affairs at the "hotel." We were nearly all pilgrims, who went there year after year, so of course they had a right to take a friendly interest in us.

When I had announced what the opera flannel was for, and given some information about the race, we started for home, and as we reached the door an elegant dog-cart flew past, driven by a gentleman who had attracted much notice, but whose case the country people had not yet worked up, as he had only been there a few days.

He stopped at a house three miles from us, and many were the looks cast after that wagon when it appeared, and many were the remarks made about the handsome man who drove it. May Fielding said she would give her longest curl to know who he was; and Susie Brown spent half her days on the front piazza getting up attitudes. The Enthusiast called him, "a deuced fine fellow; like one of those tearers you read about in novels; ready for anything, from jumping a five-barred gate to translating Sanscrit."

On that afternoon as he dashed past Mr. Green lounged to the door and looked after him, saying, "Some day he'll have a spill; I never see a more reckleaser fellow—drives right ahead,—makes the hens look spry. I hope he won't kill himself." By this time a bend in the road concealed him; he might be at Hague, for Green was slow of speech.

Spot met with more adventures on the way home, and I stopped sometimes to gather a flower or admire a clump of ferns. When we were about half a mile from the hotel, something standing still down the road could be seen that looked very much like the dog-cart.

Such it proved to be, and there lay on the ground, thrown against a pile of stones, the handsome driver who was such a mystery. He had struck his head in falling, and the bright hair was streaked with blood. My heart stood still for a moment; he seemed dead, and there was I alone. His left arm hung helplessly by his side, and whether to bandage that first or get water was a problem. I solved the question by taking his riding cap and rushing to the lake. The fresh, cool water soon brought the faintest tinge of red into his bronzed cheek, and then I thought his coat-sleeve ought to be ripped, and having a penknife in my pocket, I had commenced operations when hearing a familiar whistle I turned, and there was the Enthusiast lounging along with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, my lady, this is a case of highway robbery, knocking a man down and then plundering him!"

He was studying medicine, and had some practice in surgery, so I knew help had reached me. When he saw what had happened, he drew his face into professional gravity, took out a case of instruments, and said, "My child, I have to thank you for an interesting subject. I've no doubt but that you frightened the horse with your umbrella, and fascinated the whip with your eyes and hat. At any rate you have given me a chance to display a little of my knowledge. I know you can make bandages, so tear up that white dress of yours, or all the handkerchiefs you can find around us."

I was going over in my own mind the thrilling way in which I would recite the exploit to a body of listeners that evening, so I said nothing in reply to his nonsense, but bringing out the flannel, asked would that do.

"Better than nothing; you're a brick. Now find some bits of wood, and we'll fix him 'good as new.'"

Our patient by this time had his eyes open; beautiful deep blue ones they were, and gazing about him in a bewildered way, he murmured something about a tumble.

"Yes, I should think so," said the Enthusiast; "that animal of yours looks steady enough now, but he must have shied remarkably to have thrown you."

He then gave orders about no talking, and asked me to hurry home and bring assistance. Don Incognito was carried to the hotel, and great was the consternation when the news was told.

No lack of nurses could be complained of, but our medical student informed them they needn't make white caps and aprons, he would be well enough in a day or two, and it would only be a waste of their ammunition.

Paul Brook was the name of the Don, and he had all his traps brought down, and established himself at the wayside inn.

Some people in the house knew his family, and were able to give a little account of him—that he was a lawyer, very clever and rich, and had been paying attentions to a Miss Ogden, a great beauty.

Mr. Brook seemed to have got over his disinclination for society, and the Enthusiast gave me his private opinion, to the effect, "The Don's in love—madly, head over ears, nearly as much as I am, and with the same little woman."

I protested ignorance of the person in question, and he declared:

"It is enough to make a man weep; I have spent half my time learning Tennyson, quoting him to you—"

"Wrongly," I put in.

"No matter, quoting him, I say, regardless of expense. I have been sun-struck, nearly. I wear such an apology for a hat. You once said you liked brown men. After all those heroic endeavors to make myself pleasing in your eyes, you tell me you don't know whom I am sacrificing myself for. Henceforth I walk this earth a blighted being; I see that that man with his melancholy, his Saxon face and figure has the innings."

At this minute Mr. Brook, coming up the path, put a stop to his eloquence, and he hummed in an undertone, "See the conquering hero comes." I had been sent for some blue ribbon, and thinking of my errand, I started for the store so the conquering hero joined me. We sauntered on for a time without speaking, and finally he said:

"I would like to tell you a little of my history, for when I first came here I suppose you all thought I was a savage (indeed we didn't), but I hated the world and every body in it. You have heard doubtless that I was in love with a Miss Ogden. I think I was for a little time, but I have gotten over it as if it had been some childish illness. She is a beauty and a positive blonde. Her family keep up a great deal of style, and having four daughters, they are in a constant whirl of gayety. Mrs. Ogden is a woman of the world who believes in doing everything under the sun or above it to marry her girls well. Edith was twenty when I first met her, and I thought then one of the most charming girls I had ever seen. I was always treated in their house as a brother, and, having a cousin who lived next door to them, we saw a great deal of each other in 'society,' that is, there were always lots of people around."

"She commenced to study German under my tuition, and her mother talked about her in delightful terms, and spoke of 'Dear Edith's mind having expanded.' I imagined myself perfectly happy, for although nothing had been said of marriage, yet I was looked upon as an accepted lover. Edith wore my favorite colors (you have them on now) and took a vital interest in all that concerned me. One morning in April, I had gone in to tell her mother about a house she wanted to hire in the Catskills, near some property of mine. They were all out, but the girl told me Miss Edith had left a book if I called, and as I wanted to leave word I entered a little room curtained off from the parlor, where some books and a writing table were kept. I finished my note, and seeing Heine's poems lying near, I imagined that was the one destined for me, and took it up. Turning over the pages, a scrap of paper fell out, and thinking it was an exercise I glanced at it carelessly, and saw 'Dearest John,' and 'Yours for ever, Edith.' I could not believe it at first, but it was her well-known writing. There were two or three half sheets of paper in the book that had been hastily written upon, as if copies. I was so maddened, so completely beside myself that I read on; there were many protestations of undying love, and then she spoke of me as having the one thing he lacked—money. That for her mother's sake she would marry me, but her heart was his, and that of course he could see her constantly when she was Mrs. Brook. I did not appreciate the sacrifice she was making, and rushed out of the house taking with me the papers. The next day I wrote to Edith, telling her of the mistake, and enclosing the letter. It all came out, because her mother tried to explain it as piece of girlish folly. This John Jackson was a handsome rascal, who had known the family a long time. I never heard Edith mention him, and always thought him in love with her eldest sister. I never spoke of it, of course, to any one, except you, and I determined to stick to Blackstone forever, so I came up here to study in quiet, and prepare myself for a hard winter's work; instead, I have fallen into captivity. I know now there is only one woman in the world for me. I love you, my darling, with all my heart and soul," and turning suddenly he kissed me in the public road. There was no one in sight, however, only a little bird looked wisely at us and nodded its head.

I was too much astonished for a minute to speak. I had just listened to his confession of having met some one before, who seemed perfect, and now he was telling me the same old story. We were standing still, and as I looked up into his eyes, I saw that my prince had come—and when he asked me if I wouldn't say one word, I answered, "Yes."

We talked all the delicious, rapturous nonsense that lovers can talk, and he told me that some day he would show me the flannel that had bound his arm. He had kept it sacredly, and would not exchange it for a crown. Of course I believed him.

We never thought of the ribbon, and so were scolded for our forgetfulness.

BREX VALE.

THE WAGERS.

Some years ago I took my seat in the diligence from Marseilles to F——. The railway that now connects those cities was not yet contemplated.

There were five passengers in all. Of these one was a short, fat man, with smooth cheeks and a red face. Though plainly dressed, his clothes were very good; he had a great number of rings on his fingers, and across his waistcoat he wore a thick gold chain, which he was careful to let me see was attached to a handsome watch, on the back of which was a crest in jewels.

There was no doubt he was a rich man, and that I, at all events, might have no doubt of it, he informed me that his income exceeded fifty thousand francs a year, and that he bid fair to double it before five years were gone, so prosperous was his business.

I was partly amused and partly disgusted by his loquacity. Why he should have made a confidant of me in particular I don't know, unless it was that I happened to sit next him. Among other bits of information he gave me to know that this was the first holiday he had indulged himself with for three years.

"Where do you get out?" I inquired.

"At F——," said he.

"But why do you go so far from Marseilles for a holiday?" I asked.

"Monsieur," he answered, "I am going to get married."

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, laughing; "and you call that taking a holiday?"

"Why," said he, "that would depend. If I were going to marry an ugly woman, now, I should call this tour by another name. But, my friend, the lady I am engaged to is an angel, sir; she might have sat for one of Mohammed's houris. Her eyes—"

Here he went off into a long account of his mistress's perfections, decorating his fluent description with all manner of shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations.

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," said I, "and I wish you joy."

"Yes, and you may wish the lady joy, too, and congratulate her as well, for give me leave to say it is not every woman who has the luck to meet with a husband who unites to the splendors of wealth the accomplishments of genius and the graces of courage."

I smothered a laugh.

"So you have genius and courage as well as money?"

He nodded vehemently.

"Without boasting," said he, "I think I may pride myself on being possessed of all the qualifications that recommend a man to the ladies."

"So long as they are sufficient to recommend you to the lady of your choice you should be satisfied."

"They should be sufficient," he replied, "and in my own mind I am persuaded that they are sufficient; but, though the young lady is beautiful as an houri, I regret to say she is rather perverse in her taste, so that for a long time I could hardly make any headway in her affections. Indeed, she was weak-minded enough to avow a preference for a cousin of hers, a young lieutenant—a beggar, sir, and a mighty impudent dog to boot. What she could see in him I could never tell. I'll allow that his nose is straight, his eyes good, and his teeth white and regular, but what is the use of these things in a man without money?"

"To be sure," said I, drowsily, for the day was warm, and the tendency to sleep was aggravated by my droning companion.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," he continued, "I confess that I don't think she would ever have accepted me had it not been for her father, who is a poor man, and is very eager to have me for a son-in-law, thinking I shall pay off his debts. I wish he may get it! Bah! I've allowed him to think anything he likes, for his thinking costs me nothing, and being anxious to wed the girl, who, I declare to you, is beautiful—" And here he went off again into another long description, which he liberally garnished, as before, with shrugs and grimaces.

"Then you don't care about her love?" said I sleepily.

"Not a fig!" he answered, "not a fig! I only want her. At my time of life, sir, we know the hypocrisy of love, how easily it is counterfeited. I have a ring at home with a paste stone in it. I declare to you it flashes like a diamond, and is thought as costly as the best of the real stones I wear. So with love. The counterfeit passes for the real ninety-nine times in the hundred; and, though I'll own I would rather have the real, if I can't get it, I should be just as well satisfied with the sham."

He then branched off into some very cynical remarks on the nature of love, which, however, I am ashamed to say I do not remember, as I fell sound asleep very shortly after he had commenced them.

I was awakened by the diligence stopping at the Golden Lion inn, in the principal street of F——.

The fat, red-faced babbler, who it seems had been awake through the whole journey, and had been boring a mild-looking gentleman who sat opposite him when he had found me asleep, got out, and I followed him.

He pulled out his watch, which sparkled most gorgeously as it took the sun's rays, and exclaimed, turning to me—

"A quarter to four, sir. Half an hour after time."

"I'll bet you that it is not," said a gentleman, with very fierce moustaches, who stood smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apartment.

"I should know," retorted the little red-faced man, turning sharply upon him, "for this is one of Leroy's best watches. It cost me two thousand francs."

"I'll bet you ten louis that it is not one of Leroy's watches," said the moustached smoker, coolly.

The red-faced man shrugged his shoulders, and went into the traveller's room, saying to me—

"Don't dine here. We can do better at a *café*."

"I'll wager you the value of the watch that the watch is worth nothing; and if you win, you will receive what you will not find it worth your while to take," said the gentleman with the moustaches, following us.

"I did not address my remarks to you, sir."

"I'll bet you that you did," said the other, with the most provoking coolness.

The little man, amazed by this persecution, touched his forehead, to signify that the gentleman with the moustaches was mad.

"I'll bet you don't prove that I'm mad," said the other.

There was a pause. They looked like two dogs waiting to be slipped for a fight.

"Upon my word," said the red-faced man, "I know nothing of this fellow. He is a most impudent rascal, whoever he is; and I have a good mind to make him march off."

"I'll make you any bet you like you don't make me march off!" exclaimed the other, pulling his moustache; "and I'll further bet you anything you like that I make you take the road back to Paris, and that, too, without any delay."

The little man, whose face was now a deep crimson with rage, blurted out—

"You won't find that a very easy matter, for I came here to get married."

"One hundred napoleons you do not marry!"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will pull your nose."

"I'll make you any bet you like you *lie!*"

The little man stamped with rage. He glared around him for some moments in silence, then exclaimed—

"Do you want me to shoot you?"

"I'll bet you you don't shoot me."

"Where can we procure pistols?" exclaimed the red-faced man, breathing short.

"The landlord will accommodate us," answered the other.

He hurried into the house, and reappeared with a box containing a brace of pistols.

I had hitherto treated the affair as a joke, laughing in my sleeve at the red-faced man's rage and the other's cool insolence. But I thought it was now time to interpose.

"Gentlemen," I began.

But the moustached man turned upon me with a frown.

"I believe this gentleman to be a coward, sir," said he; "and if you interfere, I shall conclude you are conspiring to prevent him from proving himself a coward."

I said no more, but followed the two men to a lonely spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second.

Having loaded the pistols, we placed the men. It was agreed I should give the signal, which was to throw a five-franc piece in the air.

My position was a peculiarly disagreeable one. Up to the last moment I had believed that the whole business was only a rather cruel practical joke on the part of the man with the moustaches; and as my curiosity was excited to follow this adventure to its conclusion, I had volunteered to be the red-faced man's second. But it seemed now that one or the other or both must be killed.

"Sir," said the man with the cigar, turning to me, "I believe Master Jacques to be an honest man, but though I can vouch for his wine, I can't vouch for his pistols. Before that gentleman and I make a target of one another, be so good as to throw that five-franc piece in the air to see how my pistol carries."

I did as he desired, and tossed the money about seven yards high.

I heard the report of a pistol, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the man with the moustaches, "that I pierce that leaf, vibrating at the extremity of yonder bough."

And before the other could answer, the trigger was pulled, and the leaf was pierced.

"Bet," continued the man, with the most ridiculous coolness, "that I shoot you clean through the pupil of the left eye, and lay you dead, and that you miss me."

The other was white as a ghost.

"I believe you," he said trembling from head to foot, and throwing his pistol down. "I guess your motives, and admire your stratagem, and, as I am not yet prepared to die, shall take my road back again to Marseilles."

In fact, we saw him deposit himself in the *imperiale* of the diligence.

I turned to the moustached gentleman for an explanation. He invited me to take a glass of wine with him in the traveller's room, and with great good-humour proceeded to solve the enigma.

He was a friend of the young lieutenant, and famous as the most deadly shot in France. He had received a letter only the day before from his friend, begging him to come to F——, and help him to carry out a ruse, which he trusted would enable him to marry the girl he was passionately in love with.

The moustached gentleman complied, left Paris, and reached F—— in time to receive from his friend's lips particulars of the stratagem he and the young girl had concerted between them.

That stratagem was perfectly successful. The little red-faced man, as I afterwards heard, on his reaching Marseilles, wrote to the father of his intended bride, apologizing for not having been able to keep his promise to go down to them. You may believe he took good care not to inform the father of the real reason that had prevented him from paying his duties to his betrothed.

The red-faced man, however, had no intention of breaking off the marriage until accosted one morning in the streets of Marseilles by the moustached gentleman, who asked if he still persisted in his intention to marry the young lady.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then," said the other, "if you want to reach her hand, you will have to mount, first, on my dead body, and, secondly on the dead body of the lieutenant. Are you prepared to scale those fortresses?"

"Certainly not."

"Then go home; write to the lady's father that circumstances compel you to abandon your promise to wed her. I shall know by the day after to-morrow if that letter has been written. If yes, I will be your friend, and help you as I have helped the lieutenant, in any honorable love scheme you may choose to enter upon; if no, be prepared to meet in the evening."

The letter was written, and six months after the young lady was married to the lieutenant.

W. C. R.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

President Benito Juarez, of the Mexican Republic, died on the night of July 18th, of an attack of apoplexy. The death was sudden and unexpected, but the telegram announcing it appears to be thoroughly confirmed. The Presidency now devolves upon Lerdo de Tejada, Chief Justice of the Mexican Supreme Court, who has been in opposition to the Government, and is regarded as sympathizing with the revolutionists.

Asiatic cholera is reported to be raging at various points on the northern coast of the Black Sea and at Odessa, and orders have been issued to erect suitable hospitals for persons who may be attacked with the disease at that port. In the district of Kiev, situated along the river Dnieper, there have been since the commencement of the epidemic 2328 cases of cholera, of whom 1082 died and 715 recovered, leaving 531 patients under treatment. A quarantine of ten days has been ordered at Constantinople on all vessels arriving from Russian ports.

Alderman William McMullin, of Philadelphia, was shot on the night of the 22d of July, by Hugh Marra at the anniversary banquet of the Moyamensing Hose Company. His condition since that time has been very critical, though he is now believed to be out of danger. Hugh Marra, his assailant, is still at large. The shooting caused a great deal of excitement not only on account of the crime, but because of the wide-spread notoriety of the victim, and from the fact that his deadly intentioned assailant is a convicted "assassin," recently set free from a seven years' sentence to the penitentiary for deliberately waylaying and attempting the murder of an officer of the Government in Philadelphia some three years ago. Another point of interest in the case was the fact, or the belief, that Alderman McMullin had been largely instrumental in procuring the liberation of the man who shot him, who thus gave another illustration of that kind of "honor" which prevails among ruffians of the Marra class.

A fire occurred in the extensive shops of the Erie Railway at Jersey City on the night of July 24. The loss was about $800,000, fully covered by insurance. Over 500 workmen are thrown out of employment by the disaster. Two men were burned to death.

The car and tube works of William C. Allison & Sons, West Philadelphia, were burned July 25, causing a loss of about $200,000, which is fully insured.

The Catholic Female Protectory at Tremont, Westchester county, New York, was burned on the morning of July 25, causing a loss of $150,000. The destruction of this charity renders about 600 children homeless. No one was injured. The loss is $175,000; insurance, $125,000.

A report has reached Wilmington, North Carolina, that Tom Lowery, one of the Robeson county outlaws, and the brother of Henry Berry Lowery, has been killed.

A stage coach in Colorado was stopped near Denver, Tuesday, July 23, by two "road agents," and robbed of its treasure-box containing $1000. The passengers were not molested.

At Salt Lake City, July 24, the Mormons celebrated the anniversary of the entrance of the Mormon pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, and business was entirely suspended.

The King and Queen of Spain are receiving congratulatory addresses from all portions of the country, expressing the joy of their subjects at their escape from the bullets of the assassins, declaring the loyalty and attachment of the people to the dynasty of the elective King and Constitution of Spain. Some days ago their majesties drove through the city in an open carriage. Their progress was an immense ovation. They were greeted at every point by enthusiastic cheers and plaudits of the entire populace. An examination of the two assassins captured develops the fact that the attack was part of an organized conspiracy, extensive in its ramifications and provided with ample funds.

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL VS. ATHLETIC.

At Philadelphia, July 20, the Mutual defeated the Athletic by a score of 11 to 6.

TROY VS. BOSTON.

At Boston, July 20, the Troy club defeated the Boston Red-Stockings by a score of 17 to 10.

An Indian Romance.

Every Sunday-school pupil has read of the funeral piles in India on which widows sacrifice themselves after their husbands die. The English newspapers give an account of a similar instance of sacrifice on the part of a widow in England. A wealthy merchant who lived in Brighton, during one of his mercantile expeditions abroad, had met with a beautiful Malabar woman, whom he married in the presence of the English consul. He brought his wife home to England, where she lived happily. She refused to listen to the teachings of Christianity, however, but clung tenaciously to the beliefs which she had acquired in her native land, and had a temple built on her husband's estate in the country, where she daily offered up her devotions according to the rites of her own faith.

At length the husband died. The widow threw herself upon his lifeless form in an agony of despair, tore her hair, and disfigured her beautiful features with her nails. On the evening after the funeral she disappeared. After three days' unsuccessful search for her, it occurred to some one to look in the temple where she was accustomed to perform her devotions, and there they found a pile of ashes yet smoking—the remains of the devoted woman. All alone by herself she had built the funeral pyre, and unseen by mortal eye she immolated herself thereon in obedience to the severe requirements of the religion in which she had been reared.

☞ Nineteen men accused of murder are confined in the New York Tombs.

☞ At Vallejo, California, a hen and cat have arrived at a mutual understanding whereby the former shelters the kittens when their mother is away.

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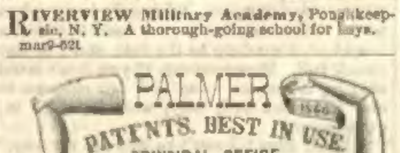

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

[From the Missouri *Democrat*.]

The writer once owned a dog. He was a spurious pointer which a wicked wag palmed off upon me as a full-blooded and well-bred descendant of a well-known hunter, noted for his intelligence and his discriminating nose. I called him Ponto in his puppyhood, but, as he grew older, and the fraud developed, I changed his name to Knave. He was a good hunter—for sheep—but his nose could not be depended on for feathered game. He would come to a dead point on a grasshopper, and run headlong over a covey of quail the next moment. Knave's best hold, however, was in the circus line. He had a very extensive circle of low-bred acquaintances, and was ring-master of a canine hippodrome, which met every night in the flower garden. Knave had been having a deal of fun at my expense, so one day I concluded to have a little at his. I took him out about half a mile away from home, tied an oyster-can to his tail, gave him a stimulating kick, and turned him adrift. I never suspected the speed there was in that dog. He looked like a white and liver-colored comet whizzing through space. I have observed that nothing encourages a dog so much, or tends more to the development of his speed, than to make him a medium for the rapid transit of tinware between given points. Knave having yielded such splendid sport, I tried him again and again, until he began to take an interest in the proceedings. He would back and stand quietly while the oyster-can was being attached to his thick plebian tail, and then at the word he would start at his highest speed, as if shot from a cannon. His affectation of fright was the best piece of acting I ever saw; and he quickly seized upon opportunities of adding to the sensational features of the display. His favorite run of a Saturday afternoon was around the circular rack surrounding the court-house grounds, to which from one to two hundred rural horses were generally hitched, all of which would take fright, break their halters and start for home at a lively canter. That noble dog also delighted in scudding down a sidewalk crowded with people, upsetting the men by running between their legs, and frightening the women into convulsions.

Once he grew impatient at the long delay in lashing his freight to the tail, and started prematurely, running a hundred yards at a slapping pace before he discovered that he was flying light. He sneaked back, looking sheepishly apologetic, backed up again, and waited until a bunch of tin clippings was securely fastened. By-and-by, these dog races became an old thing with us boys, but the appetite grew upon Knave, until he didn't feel in good health if he missed his diurnal "spurt." Then he got to collecting all the tinware he found lying around loose, and storing it up for future use. If by any chance, we forgot to exercise him, he would go to his tin pile, select a promising oyster-can or section of stove-pipe, carry it in his mouth to one of his biped friends, and beg piteously to have it tied on. Knave's enthusiasm for the turf finally led him on to his death. As he grew older his taste grew more fastidious. He came to prefer new tinware to that which was tarnished by atmospheric oxidation, and having little respect for either moral or statute laws, he stole abundantly from the village shop. Finally, an apprentice detected him in the act of getting off with a string of pint cups fresh from the mint, and gave him a fatal clip with the hammer, which caused him to yield up his frisky ghost. We buried him on the hill with a *hic jacet* head-board, bearing an inscription to the effect that we could have spared a better dog.

If any one doubts the truth of this story, I can show him the place where Knave is buried.

WAS COLUMBUS AN ITALIAN?

BY MAX ADELER.

A correspondent asks us whether Columbus was an Italian or a Spaniard. The question would be a less difficult one if we knew precisely where Columbus was born. If his birth had occurred, for instance, in Steubenville, Ohio, he could not properly be called an Italian; and there would be a manifest impropriety in considering him a Spaniard if his parents, at the time of his nativity, resided at Manch Chunk. It seems troublesome, therefore, to obtain any accurate information upon the subject, particularly as Columbus was disposed to be rather noncommittal upon it to us personally. We never heard him allude to it as if he cared to have the matter discussed, and we should have as good a right to believe that he was an American as that he was an Italian were it not for the fact that he never voted at any of our elections, and that when he landed in this country, after his first voyage, his very first inquiry of the aborigines was in reference to the feasibility of taking out naturalization papers.—*Dispatch.*

DIDN'T WANT WIGGINS.

The "ruling passion strong in death" was remarkably illustrated in the case of a certain Mr. Higgins, who was a most punctual man through all his life. At the advanced age of ninety, he was calmly resting on his bed, waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering into its socket, when one of his sons remarked,

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two: is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man. "It is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted on his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read this. Is the name of Wiggins there?"

"It is, father."

"Then strike it off," said he, emphatically; "for he never was punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might delay the procession a whole hour."

CASE OF ASSAULT.

The New Orleans Picayune relates the following incident which occurred at a recent trial in the Recorder's Court, of a case of assault:

"And you struck the man?" inquired the magistrate.

"Bedad I did."

"Then you did wrong."

"You don't say so."

"But I do."

"If a man would call your honor a coward, wouldn't you strike him?"

"No, it would be wrong."

"Bedad, I believe it would!" replied the culprit, as a universal laugh evinced the appreciation of the crowd.

A LOST cow was lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on trees and fences near the owner's dwelling: "Strayed or stolen—A large Red Kow, with Yaller Speaks on her left side, and a pair of white speaks on her right ear. She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a poor widow with a short tail. Ten dollars will be given to anybody who will turn her to Newark, Gune 17, 180069."

☞ Miss Nilsson's trousseau will be one of the most elegant ever made in Paris.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 29.

THAT GREAT TOE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"Hard case up this way," said the lightning sent in my direction by Harney. "A break out of convicts. Warden Bates killed. Deputy Warden Locke dangerously wounded. Two prisoners escaped. Get up here on the 1.30 train for further details."

Flung on my coat, got under my cap, swung on at the rear car just as the train was moving, and got into Knox county in due time.

Found things even worse than represented by the lightning. These were the particulars:

As Warden Bates made his usual rounds to ascertain if all was right in the prison cells, he was unexpectedly set upon by a desperado, who from some outside source had been helped to a knife, and was stabbed in several places, the keys torn from his grasp, and other convicts were speedily released.

An unusual sound in the rear of the jail buildings had alarmed Deputy Warden Locke, who rushed to the scene, as he went arousing other jail officers. They were met by a half dozen of the liberated wretches, and a fierce fight ensued. The officers were hurled into the prison yard, where the fight still raged fiercely.

At this juncture a young fellow, lodging in a house near the jail yard, hearing the unusual outcry, sprang out of bed, and plunging into his pants, in his shirt sleeves and bare-headed, seized the first thing that came to hand, which was a heavy oaken club, and with a short run and a marvelous leap that would have done credit to a gutta percha acrobat, seized the top of the fence enclosing the jail yard and swung himself down inside where the fight was raging hotly. But it were better to use his own words.

"I mowed around me briskly, helping to lay down quite a windrow of them, and gradually made my way around to the gate. At that moment a thin, slight fellow charged upon me, intending as I thought to attack me with a vengeance. I braced myself for the shock, when with a light, elliptical spring, he vaulted quite over me, and caught by the spikes upon the top of the gate. I was fearful that I had lost him, for he drew his rubber legs immediately beyond clutching distance of my hand; but swinging my club over my head, I calculated upon giving the fellow a compound fracture; instead, I only smote against his stockinged foot, and a splinter of my battered club caught in that useful article, jerking it off the fellow's foot.

"He got off, however. It was just about here that I stood—and—faith! here's the stocking now!"

I stooped and picked it up from the little hollow where Tom Saunders had tossed it from his club the night before. There were marks of blood upon it. I turned it inside out, and sticking to the fibres of wool was the entire great toe nail.

"Jove!" ejaculated Tom, turning away with a shiver, "how do you like my style of paring toe nails? A clean slice off. Thunder! how it smarts about this time, if the fellow has stopped long enough to find out that he has left horn enough behind him to make a hair comb."

Probably the fellow belonged to a gang outside, who would aid him to avoid discovery.

"Photograph him," said I to Saunders.

"Slender, medium height, young and light-complexioned."

"Manner? What's his usual appearance?"

"Sullen as a thunder cloud. Lowering brow; seldom speaks."

The jail officers agreed in their descriptions with Tom.

"You get down by stage or some way to Baytown. In every other direction a stream of fire is ahead of him. To Baytown no especial thunderbolts penetrate. He may cross by water there, strike the stage route and reach Bath. Then he might get out of our line and bother us."

I took the 6.30 train down towards Bretford, and it was a matter of doubt whether I should be able to connect with the stage there, as it would be ten o'clock by the time I arrived in that place.

It was late in the fall and chilly. The elections were just over, and windy politicians belched forth their one-sided views into delighted or recoiling ears, as the case might be, and I smiled as I looked upon the different faces going through all manner of contortions to keep huge chunks of "pig-tail" or "navy" in one cheek, and squeeze out by it democratic or republican convictions on the recent nominations. And for fear that the world might doubt their loyalty to Uncle Sam, many of them were *brandy-ied* to the extent that one might know whose they were and whom they served.

Others not so far gone with the political contagion, yet were sufficiently *ale*-ing to warrant dozing (dosing) to effect a cure.

I got my attention fixed upon one loquacious fellow, plethoric and excited, who kept every one within hearing in a roar of laughter. I rather regretted being across the aisle for I lost the pith of the jokes entirely. He spared neither party, and his humorous contrasts or parallels pleased in spite of themselves the opponents who could at least appreciate wit from any source.

I was pleased on leaving the train at Bretford to find that the old fellow also got off, and still more pleased to find him heading, wheezy and aldermanic, towards the one hotel.

"Really, gentlemen," said mine host, in fat, sweetened tones, "I hardly know what to do. There's a horse-race here to-morrow—sort of a wind-up to the fair, and I'm just chuck full. Howsomever, if you don't mind sharing the same room and ten chances to one the same bed, why, walk in, walk in, gentlemen."

"Land alive! I can't be put out no way," says my companion, flashing his heavy gray eyebrows loosely about. "You remember me, Nash, of course, Dyer, always at the races—always bet and invariably lose."

"Dyer! yes, seems to me I remember you," says boniface.

"No doubt, no doubt; come one year to lose, the next to win—never win, but still continue to come to punish myself."

After partaking of a hearty supper, the landlord informed us that a fire had been kindled in our room; but, of course, I expected the social old chap would spend an hour or more in the bar-room; on the contrary, he declared he must get to bed so as to be clear-headed on the morrow, and thus be able to use judgment on horse flesh.

We sat some time before the cheerful fire in our room, telling over some comical or other incidents, and smoking our cigars; but directly my feet feeling uncomfortable in a pair of new, rather tight boots, I drew them off and placed my feet upon the fender. My companion prepared to do the same. One boot was removed, and he began upon the other, but very soon desisted with a violent contortion of the facial muscles.

"C-orns?" queried I.

"Bunions—real John Bunyans at that," he humorously returned.

By-and-by, with a huge gasp, and a careful twisting, the useful article was removed. The last uncovered foot, however, was not advanced readily to the fire, and I really sympathized with the cork-screw pain that I calculated he felt.

A DISAPOINTMENT.

Eligible Bachelor (gallantly). "Of course your daughter's engaged for every remaining dance, Mrs. Jones? I need scarcely ask such a question!"

Anxious Mamma (delighted). "No, indeed, dear Mr. James——"

Eligible Bachelor. "Oh—how unfortunate—*I*—am!"

After stooping forward to knock the ashes from my cigar, I was seized with an idea so sudden and extraordinary that I wonder I did not cry out something and betray myself.

What had I seen that led to this extraordinary idea? Only a huge bunched up place in the stocking of my companion just where the great toe would naturally be located.

I felt that the surface of my body was undergoing that curious transformation known as "goose flesh," although I at the same time mentally berated myself as a fool. It was a fine time of day if an honest man couldn't have a sore toe if it pleased him without giving a neighbor ague fits. The idea was very disagreeable, and although I talked on briskly and shook myself, the thought, like a leech, still stuck to my brain.

How could I be so absurd as to cling to this idea? How reconcile the anatomy of this man before me with my pocket-memorandum?

"Slender, medium-height and young—sullen and lowering brow." Antipodes!

Just then my companion dipped forward to knock aside the ashes. His coat collar stood back uncompromisingly, showing a slender neck draped in front with a small cataract-fall of gray whiskers. Looking still closer, I found as he just then laughed uproariously at something which I had said, that there was no rising, falling, nor wrinkling of vest or coat. The man who laughed was but the core of the plethoric form before me. What then? Evidently the bulk was made of stuffing.

If a legion of ants had been crawling over me just then, it would not have produced a more disagreeable sensation.

Here I was closeted with a ruffian of the most ferocious dye, whose hands were even now stained with a fellow creature's blood, and the least sign to betray that I suspected his identity would be my death-warrant. Yet I must have him, and I must also have help to secure him.

Directly I fumed out about the cigars, and wondered if the landlord had no better ones—said I'd find out before he had gone to bed. Went whistling out, not unmindful that a sharp pain from a stiletto might be the result.

As I ran down stairs, I tore a leaf from my pocket-memorandum, and scratched upon it these words:

"Bretford—11 o'clock.

"Harney—quick! get down on the midnight express. Come prepared to do up a *sore toe.*

"CARNES."

"Here! landlord," I exclaimed, "get that telegraphed to A—— in two minutes—quick—caution—and you shall have a suitable reward."

With this, I snatched a handful of cigars, and went whistling back to my room, while a score of thoughts, more vivid than pleasant, ran through my mind.

I found him still seated unsuspectingly before the fire—offered him a cigar, and again resumed my smoking.

The cautious reader may wonder that I did not either remain at a safe distance below stairs, or give the alarm and secure him immediately. Neither plan appeared feasible to me. In the first place, it was my business to catch just such fellows as this one before me; in the next place, an alarm given among a crowd of persons, undisciplined, not knowing how to act, invariably results in defeat. No, I must wait developments just there. The night express would be in at one o'clock, and Harney would come prepared for the emergency; and it was only eleven now. How would the next two hours pass? and what might not occur?

At half-past eleven, my companion proposed retiring—and as it providentially happened that the room held two beds, I could not object.

"I never take off my clothes," he remarked, "on such times as this—and then if there is a fire one is prepared."

I pronounced the advice excellent, and believed that I should adopt it, and to farther win his confidence I suggested that we should place our watches and purses under our pillows. He made a show of doing this, and we flung ourselves upon our couches.

In a short time he began to snore, and not doubting but this might be a faint, I also began breathing evenly and heavily.

At twelve o'clock some slight noise occurred outside. There was a rustle and a creak in the other bed.

"What's that?" he questioned, and I noticed that his voice was hardly the same as I had listened to an hour before.

"Ur!" I sleepily muttered.

He listened intently for a moment, and then fell back and began snoring again. I had no doubt that he had planned to rob, perhaps murder me, and get off before the house was astir.

A quarter to one o'clock the train came blowing into the heart of the place. A hot flush passed over me. Was Harney there? and what would follow the attempt to secure this desperado?

At one o'clock precisely there was a creak upon the stairs. The landlord was vigilant and understood his business. At the sound the heavy breathing in the other bed ceased. Then came another long, tremulous creak of the stairs; evidently some heavy person was trying to cautiously ascend them. As the second unmistakable sound came into the room a prescient feeling drew my muscles into a ball, and I dropped between my bed and the wall. None too soon, for in a minute after I had left my bed a dull thud told that a knife had been aimed at my vitals. He had taken in my actions at a glance.

The door was flung open. I rolled like a ball under the bed, caught the rascal by the ankles, and gave him a jerk that floored him, allowing Harney and officer Coppe to master him before receiving any dangerous wounds.

The landlord being near with a light, we soon had off the wig and beard and eyebrows, the wrinkles being pencilled on to perfection. The stuffing being taken care of, there lay before me the exact memorandum—

"Slender, of medium height, sullen and scowling."

Harney brought word that the other convict who was thought to have escaped had been so severely wounded in the affray that he had fallen into a ditch in the rear of the jail, and being unable to extricate himself had drowned.

So we got the sore toe and the corporeal system attached to it nicely bound up for a term of years in the penitentiary.

THE JUBILEE IN RETROSPECT.

THE TRUTH SPOKEN IN BOSTON.

The Boston Advertiser, now that the Jubilee is over and its financial prospects can no longer be harmed by a little truth-telling, comes out with a candid and honest review of its principal characteristics. Of course it awards due praise to the foreign bands, Pescha-Lautner, Strauss, and one or two other successful features of the big show; and in saying this and the criticisms which follow, it accepts the already recorded opinion of the Republican as to the substantial failure of orchestra and chorus, and the folly of ever attempting another Jubilee on so large a scale:

"Of the select orchestra itself and its work very little can be said that is not commonplace and that was not plainly foreseen. Made up almost wholly of professional musicians, ready, skillful, and 'subservient to command,' it was scarcely possible that it should make any serious failure; and, indeed, it is to be credited in its performance of dance music with a high degree of absolute success. But there were the ever-present obstacles of the size of the auditorium and the unwieldiness of its own numbers, which, steadily operating, either singly or together, made it impossible for such fine effects to be produced as have been frequently heard from Mr. Thomas's or Mr. Zerrahn's orchestras, in Music Hall. If any proof were needed of the truth of this, it would be found in the character of the selections presented. In this respect the Jubilee of 1872 was far behind that of 1869, not a single symphonic fragment even being performed on the latter occasion, and the instrumental *repertoire* of 1872 being narrowed down to a few operatic overtures, military marches, waltzes and polkas, which were given over and over again. Considering the difficulties with which it had to contend, the orchestra did finely; but judged by the absolute success obtained on less pretentious occasions, its efforts were not especially impressive. * * * After everything has been granted that can be granted, the truth remains that the chorus obtained nothing more than a *succes d'estime.*

"In the way of the finer effects of vocal shading and coloring, nothing could be accomplished which was worthy of direct comparison with the efforts of smaller bodies. Even a good degree of precision could not be obtained from the entire body of 20,000 singers except in the performance of smooth, broad chorals with a steady and rather slow movement. For anything else the chorus was too large—twice too large, or more than that—and to this fact we have the earnest testimony of many of the most acute and intelligent members of the chorus. * * * To every listener whose position in the coliseum was remote from the stage, the effect was necessarily very weak, when the numbers of the singers and the effects produced by a Music Hall chorus were considered; but even at a moderate or trifling distance from the platform, no such tremendously grand and overpowering results were obtained as have been constantly experienced at the oratorios produced by the Handel and Haydn society—the explanation being partially found, no doubt, in the law that imperfectly harmonized sounds destroy each other. During the performance, also, of every choral number in quick time, a perfect jumble of sounds reached the ears of those whose seats were close to the stage—the difference in the distance from the nearer and from the more remote singers being sufficiently great to blend together the sounds of successive notes. It is useless to fly in the face of the laws of acoustics—especially when they have been demonstrated to be true in experience as well as in theory; and the lessons of the Jubilee will be but but poorly learned if it has not taught us that the artistic results from the performances of choruses twenty regiments strong are sure to be unsatisfactory and unworthy of their numbers and their preparation."—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Little pigs are exchanged in tokens of affection between Clear Lake, Iowa, gallants and their inamoratas.

☞ In an advertisement by a railroad company of unclaimed goods, the letter l dropped from the word lawful, and so the advertisement appropriately reads: "Persons to whom these packages are directed are notified to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

☞ A slander which needs only to be stated to be refuted: A bachelor says that if you hand a lady a newspaper with a scrap cut out of it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest the paper possesses is centred in finding out what the missing scrap contained.

CASTLE BUILDING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Every one looks forward to the Future. There are those who will say, if you ask them, that they live only in the Present, but these, although they may not admit it even to themselves, have some bright hope that they look forward to with more pleasure in the anticipation of its coming than they feel in anything they may have in the present hour. And many there are who rear castle after castle in the air, and as years pass by one by one they fall, with nothing left for the poor dreamer but the remembrance of what might have been. Alas! are there any who can look back over past years and say: "My bright anticipations, my hopes have all been realized!" If so, I have never met them. But what would life be if we could all see into the coming years? I fear there would be more grieving than rejoicing among us, and it is better we should dream on awhile, even if we are some day awakened.

But, thank God, there is a Heaven we can look forward to, after this weary world is over; there we know all will be bright and beautiful, and to those who strive patiently here, lightening other's burdens and complaining not over their own, to them there will some day be a glorious awakening in the land where sorrow is never known.

MYRA.

☞ A weary wayfarer was discovered lying in the gutter the other evening, and upon being assisted to his feet by a police officer, he glanced at the earth upon his clothes, and remarked: "Awf'l dirty streets—hic—man can't lie—hic—down 'thout gittin—hic—his clothes soiled! Board o'health sh'u'be censhered—hic!"—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ The peripatetic, "largest dining-room in New England," has arrived at the Profile House, and will probably spend the summer there.

Answers to Correspondents.

CHIQUITA, (American, Ga.) writes: "If not too troublesome, will you answer the following questions through your ever-welcome journal? 1st. What is the origin of the phrase 'As mad as a March hare?' 2d. I have often heard persons, when trying to read badly-written notes, &c., say: 'It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to make this out.' Now, is a Philadelphia lawyer acknowledged to be a superior hand at deciphering difficult writing, or what gave rise to the expression? 3d. How is the name Goethe pronounced? Also the name Gabrielle Desmarets? 4th. If a lady is continually cutting at a gentleman—rather, if a pert young girl takes every opportunity of cutting a boy, he having never offered her any indignity, and having paid her very little attention, does not forbearance cease to be a virtue, and has not the gentleman a right to defend himself, even by replying to the lady in her own language? 5th. Is my handwriting plain, or what is the fault in it? Noticing an inquiry in the columns of your paper as to where General Joseph E. Johnston is at present residing, and seeing that you desire your column to be a mutual source for gaining information, I will answer that General Johnston is residing in Savannah, Ga., and is engaged in the insurance business. One of your subscribers asks, Who is the author of the song, 'I would not live alway.' It is one of the many beautiful hymns of a German named Muhlenburg. Please answer one more question. Do you think it proper for a lady to dance a round dance with any gentleman other than a husband, a father, or brother?" 1st. The phrase quoted originated in the fact that hares are very wild in March. 2d. The saying probably arose from the lawyers of Philadelphia being of old celebrated for their acuteness, and does not refer specially to their ability to read difficult manuscript. Though if some we know *of* can read their own writing, they deserve their celebrity from this cause alone. It must be remembered that Philadelphia was formerly the leading city of the Continent, and its lawyers at the head of the legal fraternity. They are pronounced Gō-teh, and Ga-ore-el Da-mar. The G, in the first word, has no equivalent in English. The nearest approach to it is the sound of e in her. 4th. If a lady descends to such practices as you mention, it gives no warrant for a gentleman to forget his courtesy, and indulge in impolite recrimination. Your fault, probably, is that you do not like her as well as she would like to like you, if you only gave her a chance. Try some polite attentions. 5th. We see no special fault in your writing. It is a very good hand. The information you give is accepted with thanks, and we hope it may meet the eyes of our former questioners. We see no impropriety in a lady dancing a round dance with an intimate friend. The verdict of the ladies in this locality would be largely given in favor of its propriety with any respectable gentleman.

INQUIRER writes: "Please answer through your correspondence column the following questions, for the benefit of such as do not know them. The United States is sometimes spoken of (under the figure of speech which grammarians call personification) as Brother Jonathan. Do you know the origin of the phrase? It is also sometimes personified as Uncle Sam. What is the origin of that phrase? Why is the British government called John Bull? I have never seen other nations spoken of thus. If they are, what is the phrase which designates France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Spain, Italy, and other European nations?" Brother Jonathan originated as follows: When Washington was in want of ammunition he called a council of officers, but could get no practical suggestions. He then said: "We must consult Brother Jonathan about it," meaning Jonathan Trumbull, the Governor of the State of Connecticut. This was done, and the difficulty remedied. To consult Brother Jonathan then became a set phrase, and Brother Jonathan seems likely to long continue the sobriquet of the United States. Uncle Sam sprung from the suggestiveness of the initials of the name of our country, U. S. We do not know what person first set the phrase afloat. John Bull, as applied to England, originated in a satire by Dr. Arbuthnot. He represents the character of John Bull as a bluff, kind-hearted, bull-headed farmer. He called the Frenchman, Lewis Baboon, the Dutchman, Nicholas Frog, but these names did not take root, like John Bull. The only similar national nickname for the continental nations, that we know of, is Johnny Crapaud, as applied to the French. It was given by the English sailors in the Napoleonic wars. The French were called by the ancient Flemings Crapaud Franchos, in allusion to the toads borne originally in the arms of France.

SOMCOLSOT, (Augusta, County Virginia,) asks: "Can you, or some of your correspondents give me a solution to the following problem? A man had one hundred dollars with which to buy one hundred head of stock, consisting of cattle, sheep and hogs. He paid ten dollars per head for the cattle, three dollars per head for the hogs, and fifty cents per head for the sheep. How many of each kind did he get to make out the hundred? I found out the numbers by making several mental trials, but I cannot write out a solution. I would like to have an algebraic solution. Please tell me, also, who was Father Hennepin, and how to pronounce Brougham, the name of the British statesman." Your question cannot be solved by any arithmetical or algebraic rule. You have three unknown quantities, and but two equations; and algebra requires as many equations as unknown quantities. Therefore you cannot determine it without guessing. Brougham is pronounced as if spelt Broom, or Broo-am. Father Hennepin was a missionary born in Flanders in 1640. He emigrated to Canada in 1675, and accompanied La Salle in his expedition west. He explored the Mississippi alone, as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. Returning to Europe he published several works on his discoveries, which attracted much notice.

S. B. B. (Casey, Ill.) writes: "As no one from this point ever asks you any questions, I take the liberty. Is there such an article as a composing stone? Did George the 4th or George the 5th donate a bell to your city? Was it recast? If so, was there any motto on the bell? When was it first rung after being recast?" A composing stone is a marble slab on which the type is arranged in the form. George 4th donated no bell to this city. George 5th has not yet come to the throne, and perhaps never will. You probably refer to the State House bell, which was imported from England in 1753, was injured in its first ringing, and was recast here, under direction of Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly. To him we probably owe the remarkable motto on the bell, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

NETTY P. (Philadelphia) writes: "Having received so much valuable information from your correspondence column, I would like to ask you a question. Has a husband any right to suppress a letter that is directed to his wife?" He has no right to do so. There might be several cases conceived where such a suppression would be proper and justifiable, but in ordinary cases neither law nor social custom would sanction such a proceeding.

FANNY (New Florence, Pa.,) writes: "Will you please answer me a few questions? 1st. Can a wife hold her property independently of her husband, that she had before marriage? 2d. Is a note between husband and wife legal?" 1st. Yes. 2d. No. We do not give your third question, as we presume that you do not wish to see it in print. We are sorry that we cannot comply with your request, but our engagements are such at present that it would be impossible for us to do so.

IRENE H. (Marshall, Ill.) writes: "Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. How to remove freckles. 2d. How for a girl of fourteen to wear the hair twelve or fourteen inches long." Freckles may be removed by the application of diluted spirits, or of acid and alkaline solutions very much diluted. An infusion of horseradish in cold milk is also recommended as a cosmetic wash. Wear in braids, and tie with bright ribbons.

LINDA.—Your poems are respectfully declined.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dedicated to the 20th Infantry Band.

The first you will take while smoking your pipe.
The second of light is a certain type.
The third is a common female name.
The fourth was a German of noble fame.
The fifth is a lake in America found.
The sixth is a prednet of the ground.

The initials of these will form a name
In Dickens' "Mutual Friend;"
The finals a friend of mine proclaim—
On whom may good descend.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first sings sweetly on the bough,
My second's at the opera seen;
My whole oft listened to my first,
While resting in the forest green.

ANNA AMARANTH.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tree.
Conception.
Close.
A title of nobility.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Past tense of is.
A girl's name.
A carpenter's tool.

W. A. BISSON.

BURIED CITIES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. We are in want of refreshments when to Delmonico's we go.
2. Having a student's lamp I saw to read.
3. The damsel made a very fine pie.
4. The nomad riders of the desert raise very fine horses.
5. Strong drink led my preceptor on to destruction.
6. I love my friend Amos Cowan.
7. It made the Inca dizzy to look upon the Spaniard.

DECAY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in night, but not in day;
My second is in bright, but not in gay;
My third is in mending, but not in making.
My fourth is in lending, but not in taking;
My fifth is in any, but not in you;
My sixth is in many but not in few;
My seventh is in wicked, but not in vile;
My whole is a beautiful foreign isle.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways though he be rich. Proverbs 28th chapter, 6th verse.

BURIED CAPES—North, Sable, Horn, Tasco, Beale, Foulweather, Hope, May, Arago, East, Clear, Man.

WORD SQUARES—

I.
LOVE
ORAL
VAIL
ELLA

II.
SWAN
WISE
ASIA
NEAT

ANAGRAMS—CONGRESSMEN—

1. Voorhees,
2. Sprague,
3. Farnsworth,
4. Garfield,
5. Finkelnburg,
6. Pomeroy,
7. Sargent,
8. Goodrich,

RECEIPTS.

CHEAP SUMMER BEVERAGES.—The following are not only simple and cheap beverages, but are also pleasant and healthful. We clip them from an exchange:—

WHITE SPRUCE BEER, TO MAKE.—Mix together three pounds of loaf sugar, five gallons of water, a cup of good yeast, adding a small piece of lemon-peel, and enough of the essence of spruce to give it flavor. When fermented, preserve in close bottles. Molasses or common brown sugar can be used, if necessary, instead of loaf, and the lemon-peel left out. Sometimes, when unable to obtain the essence of spruce, we have boiled down the twigs. This will we found a delightful home drink.

HARVEST DRINK.—Mingle together five gallons of pure water, one-half gallon molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces of powdered ginger. This drink is very invigorating, and is the same thing as "Western Cider," the recipe of which has been selling for a high price through the country.

CREAM SODA.—To one gallon of water, add five pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce Epsom salts, one ounce cream of tartar, and five ounces tartaric acid. Boil the preparation well, skimming off the refuse matter accumulating upon the surface. After cooling, set it away in bottles in a cool place. When desiring soda drinks, put two or three tablespoonfuls of this syrup into a tumbler two-thirds full of water; and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of super-carbonate of soda; stir briskly, and the effervescence will be equal to that from fountain soda. The Epsom salts, cream of tartar, tartaric acid, and super-carbonate of soda, can be purchased for a small sum at any drug store.

ROOT BEER.—Mix together a small amount of sweet fern, sarsaparilla, wintergreen, sassafras, Prince's pine, and spice wood. Boil them with two or three ounces of hops, and two or three raw potatoes pared and sliced in three or four gallons of water. After boiling five or six hours, strain off the liquor, and add to it common molasses in the proportion of one quart to three gallons of the beer. If it is too thick, dilute it with water. A half a pound of browned bread, added to the liquor, will increase its richness.

COMMON SMALL BEER.—Add to a pailful of water a handful of hops, a pint of bran, one-half pint of molasses, a cup of yeast, and one large spoonful of sugar.

GINGER BEER.—To a pail half-filled with boiling water add one pint of molasses and two spoonfuls of ginger; when well stirred, fill the pail with cold water, leaving room for one pint of yeast, which must not be put in until the preparation becomes lukewarm. Place it on a warm hearth for the night, and bottle in the morning.

MOLASSES BEER.—To six quarts of water, add two quarts of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Having stirred thoroughly, add the grated peel of a lemon. Bottle after standing for twelve hours.

☞ It is considered a curious fact that whilst sun-stroke has occurred almost everywhere else this summer, no case has yet been reported from a base ball field.